

DUKE

JULY 1957

50c



THE MYTH OF
OUR VIRILITY

By George S. Schuyler



BURLEY

DUKE'S DEN

THE "HURRAHS" are still pouring into our offices from distant points, acclaiming our initial issue of DUKE. Flattered as we are with the laudatory comments, we're still biding our time before making a full report to our readers. But we can assure all that DUKE is here to stay.

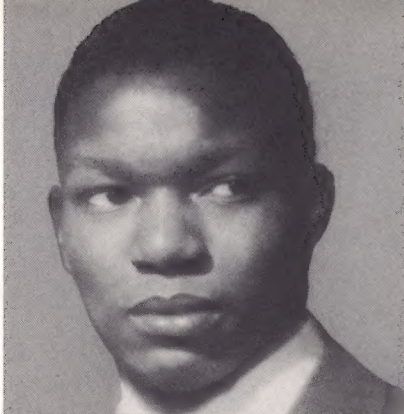
Frankly we do not consider DUKE what is termed in the trade a mass circulation magazine. We see its market as a select group of quite worldly gentlemen and some of their more sophisticated lady friends. They are people who see life as an experience to be enjoyed with zest. They are what the French call *bon vivants* and they are primarily grown-up adults who know and recognize the facts of life. They enjoy good clothes, good food, good drink but do not mind departing that descriptive formula when it comes to female companionship. It is our confident hope that there are enough such to make a good-sized audience for DUKE.

In this second issue of DUKE we thought it might be apropos to introduce some of our staff men, headed by Dan Burley whose background in journalism covers some 35 years on newspapers and magazines. He broke into the game as a teenager in Chicago, when he started covering the barber shop beat for the Chicago Defender. Those were the days when the neighborhood barber was the best place to pick up news items for the community colored paper. Dan went as far as he could at the Defender before heading east to become managing editor of the New York Amsterdam News as well as do his popular column, "Backdoor Stuff." His command of jive talk as well as his feats with boogie and skiffle on the piano merited him a full profile in Esquire. Back in Chicago in the early 50's, Dan was associate editor of Ebony and wrote the "People Are Talking About" column in Jet. He left to take up the editor's chair at DUKE.

Two other Ebony alumni are art editor Leroy Winbush and circulation director Sylvestre C. Watkins. Leroy once supervised a window display staff of 60 at a big Chicago department store, now runs a business employing 20 people installing displays for most of Chicago's Loop banks. Sylvestre ran circulation for all Johnson publications before joining DUKE and prior to that was advertising and sale promotion manager of Wilcox & Follett book company. He edited "An Anthology of Negro Literature," wrote three other books and is currently getting together "A Negro Almanac."

No doubt included among prominent authors in his book will be William Gardner Smith, who wrote "The Fraulein And The Private" in this issue. Smith, who has lived in Paris for the past five years, has written four novels and is currently completing a fifth. A Temple University graduate, he works for a French news agency as a reporter. Also a Paris expatriate is Mezz Mezzrow, whose "Blues Were My Sex Education" makes delightful reading. A top clarinet star for years, he still works on gigs throughout Europe.

Another top contributor to this issue is McKinley Thompson, only Negro working as a designer for a Detroit auto maker. Thompson, who forecasts the shape of cars in the year 2,000, went through the tough Art Center school in Los Angeles on a Ford scholarship and then went to work for the big firm in its car styling division. Everything he does is top secret and special permission had to be obtained from Ford for him to do his enlightening article.



SMITH



WINBUSH



WATKINS

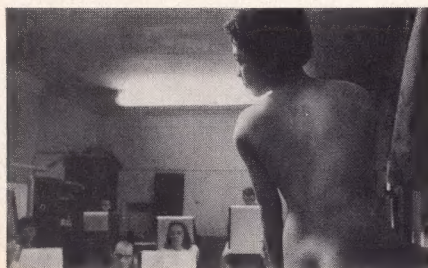
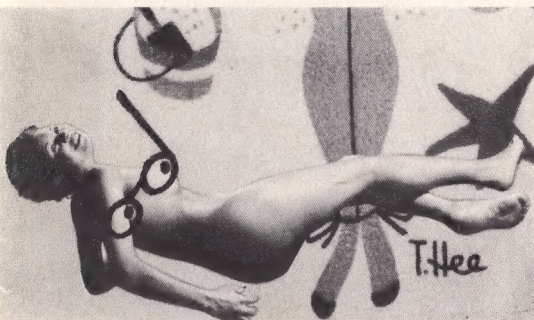


MEZZROW



DUKE

JULY 1957
VOL. I NO. 2



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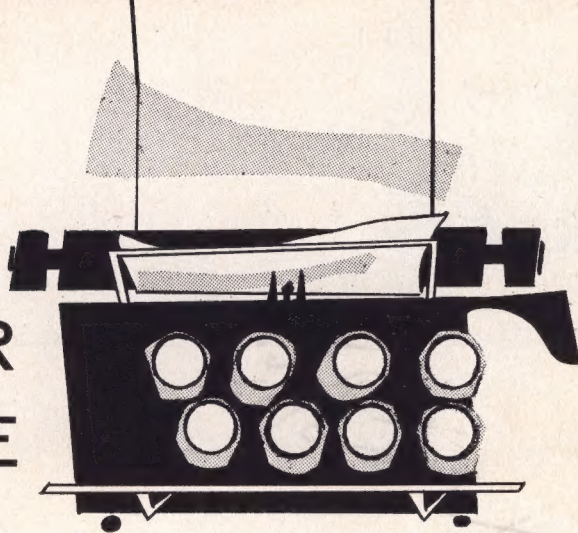
DAN BURLEY, *editor*

LEROY WINBUSH, *art director*

SYLVESTRE C. WATKINS, *circulation director*

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DEAR DUKE



Newsman Write

I am happy to hear Dan Burley's great talents are going to be put to good use in the right groove. I'm brushing up on my jive talk to get the full flavor of DUKE in cat language which, if I am not mistaken, Dan invented. Regardless of who invented it, the way Dan puts it down on paper is the cat's meow. There's a distinct field for the type of publication like DUKE and I know that no one can do a better job in that field than Dan the Man Burley, the gent who put the Burley in Burley-cue. My advice to all Burley fans (and I've been one since his Amsterdam News days) is to "straighten up and fly right"—that is fly right away to the nearest newsstand and get DUKE. My best wishes for all the success Dan deserves, which is top-level.

Dan Parker
Sports Editor
New York Mirror
New York, N. Y.

I don't see how you can miss with DUKE. Seems to me a magazine of this type will fill a long needed notch on the newsstands.

Robert Sylvester
New York Daily News
New York, N. Y.

Champs Like Duke

Congrats are in order for your new publication, DUKE. With Dan Burley as editor, I'll bet it's going to be a solid kayo.

Archie Moore
World's Lighth heavyweight
Champion
San Diego, Calif.

DUKE resembles Dan Burley from cover to cover—that is it's crammed with information, reliably, authoritatively, plain and interestingly written. I am sure that the many thousands of boxing fans all over the country will look eagerly for it on the newsstands from now on. Count me among your truest boosters of DUKE.

Jersey Joe Walcott
Former Heavyweight Champion
Camden, N.J.

Spicy Reading

I suppose I am as excited as you are about the advent of the new publication DUKE. Knowing Dan Burley for more than twenty years and knowing just how much intelligent thought will go into this publication—I'm sure that the magazine will be successful.

I know that anything that bears the name of Dan Burley will be lively, sparkling, fu'll of good reading—and above all—spicy.

E. Simms Campbell
White Plains, N. Y.

Success Predicted

I am sure your publication will be a tremendous success. Knowing Dan Burley as I do with his ability to get things done and his natural flair for writing, there is no doubt DUKE will be an immediate success.

Val Washington
Director of Minorities
Republican National Committee
Washington, D.C.

Keeping Hep

Go, Daddy, go! I was on the road and dug you were putting out a new magazine for men called DUKE. I almost ran into a tree when I heard the announcement over some cat's radio show. Well, man, I'm for it and I can say that we've needed a book like this cat said yours would be, for a long, long time. Especially for musicians. We keep moving about so much that it's hard to find anything a fellow can get really interested in. Maybe DUKE will keep us hep as to what's going on. I don't mean news, but new ideas and what people are thinking and talking about regarding clothes, music, and just plain living. You dig? Well, go, Dad, go!

Louis Jordan
En route

New Faces

I'm a woman and not good looking, so that lets me out as far as what I'm about to say. I've been reading the few colored magazines on the market and in most of them, I'm disappointed in the type of women they shove at us as our most beautiful models. They're

either some baby-faced school-girls who should be home studying their lessons, or they're some old time hags everybody wished were out of the way back in the laundry or somewhere, so girls that look like something can get a chance. If you do just one thing: give us some new faces among your models, I'll bet your magazine goes over.

Arlene Somers
Philadelphia, Pa.

No Lynchings

I heard on my favorite radio program that you folks are putting out a men's magazine for Negroes. Well, it's about time something was done along that line. Only, remember this: don't run a lot of those lynchings and white folks hating Negro stories. I read enough of that kind of stuff in the colored weeklies. I want to read the kind of stories they run in the other big magazines. If you do that, you've got my money every month.

Horace Wilson
Baton Rouge, La.

Al Benson

We got your new magazine and it's really something. Especially where you called our darling disc jockey, Al Benson, illiterate and said his Chicago listeners are "poor, ignorant sharecroppers." Well, I can say for our Al Benson Fan Club that we didn't like it one bit because Benson is our king of the airwaves and he most certainly is not illiterate nor his listeners ignorant sharecroppers.

Tillie Marshall
President, Al Benson Fan Club
Chicago, Ill.

(Ed's note: Read again, Tillie. Benson, no illiterate, attended Loyola University, and his countless listeners are no ignorant sharecroppers.)

Male Magazine

Hurrah! At long last, somebody has the courage to come out with a Negro magazine for men to rival Playboy, Esquire, Nugget and Gent but not so filthy. The right approach will be a big payoff for you, I am sure. You know Negroes have never been done up in the way they write about people in the white men's magazines and I hope you'll be careful, but at the same time, don't pull your punches. And by all means, give us plenty of good photography and put under such pictures the speed and other data, including the type of camera used so people like me who are camera bugs can learn something new. I plan to submit some of my pictures to you in the very near future.

Mildred Toliver
Brooklyn, N. Y.

This is the greatest news I've heard since Repeal. All these years I've waited and hoped that somebody would put out a Negro monthly magazine with fiction, pretty girls, stories about jazz and the latest male fashions. Now that you're doing it, you cannot imagine how happy I am about it. May your venture be long lived and prosperous!

Clarence A. Fillay
Louisville, Ky.



DUKE STEPS OUT

The "Stingy Brim"

WE DON'T know where it began or who started it. But like most other styles, the "Stingy Brim" hat must have originated in Harlem. The style setters'll tell you that this new hat shape is the Alpine Look and give you some more mooska-muskateer about "automobile stylings" and the influence of the Italian trend on men's hat wear. But we'll stick with the "Stingy Brim" as the most colorful way of describing what the guy has on his head. As the name says, it's really stingy brimwise and somebody must be coining the loot on the savings of the brim. The hat, which has grown very popular in the easy-go-easy-come circles of nightlife, has the crown of a homburg but with a very short, unrolled brim and is made, of course, of felt. On some heads it looks very smart. On others, well . . .

Telephone Mashers

UNLIKELY to be known by the man of the house unless he is the lucky possessor of that rare species of female companion who tells all, the rash of telephone mashers has become so bad in some cities that at least one state legislature passed a new law making indecent talk on the pipe a criminal offense punishable by a jail term.

In Cleveland recently a svelte housewife and her husband egged on a phone masher who rang up telling the lassie, "I'd like to see you." The caller said he knew which house and all and would bring \$20. But when he and his two buddies walked in, the old man was behind the door with one of Uncle Sam's pilfered .45s aimed at their heads.

Wifey stood at the top of the stairs and hubby chortled, "You wanted to see her? Well, look, and each of you drop \$20 before you get out of here."

Seems this trio of ofays had taken down the lady's license number, called the police department and gotten the auto license bureau to tell whom the owner of the car was on the pretense

that they had hit the car while parked and wanted to pay off the owner.

In Chicago, another caper went like this: An enterprising typist inserted an ad in the newspaper for evening work. Her caller said he was one of a team of writers who paid \$30 each for typing of stories that wouldn't take more than a couple of hours each. There would be four or five stories each week. Of course, the typing chick flipped over the prospect of an extra \$150 a week and eagerly agreed to take on the job.

The clown on the other end said he would check with his buddies and call back. When he did, he explained that the stories were a little off color and the writers omitted certain words that the typist would have to fill in. He suggested that they do a test run to see if she could fill in the adjectives, and proceeded to read passages with blanks in sentences. The chick was to fill in the blank with the dirty words.

By this time, however, her guy was on an extension and, man, did he fill in the blanks?

A Home Is Not A House

COMPLETELY ignored by historians, a bit of Americana seems to have passed from the urban scene without notice. It is the old-fashioned brothel—the kind where the madam presided over a line of girls and let a guest take his choice.

No longer is a home a house because police in most big cities not only have become efficient but also honest. They've even chased ladies of the evening from the doorways and the only red lights around these nights are the kind found on traffic lights.

But gentlemen being what they are, the ladies are not engaged in a lost cause entirely. What has happened to the trade is that home delivery has been introduced. Business is done by phone. Knowing the right number to call brings service right to the door. Sometimes it's called an escort service—but better names have been used, too.

Sugar Chile's Loot

WHEN Lionel Hampton first introduced to the public dynamic little Sugar Chile Robinson, the child boogie piano wizard, some people claimed that the six-year-old Detroit genius was being exploited. "That baby ought to be in school and not playing with a jazz band in a theater," horrified mothers and PTA people declared. But little Frank went right ahead and piled up a tremendous pile of loot which was put into bonds and deposited in a Detroit bank.

Meanwhile, there were detractors who were going around whispering that Sugar Chile had been seen shaving in a Baltimore theater dressing room. Other gossip had it that the little keyboard beater had been sighted puffing contentedly on a big fat El Producto. All of which, of course, was strenuously and loudly denied by Frank's fond parents, Clarence and Elizabeth Robinson.

The piano player stopped being Sugar Chile back in 1945 when he made his last night club appearance in Chicago. After that, as Frank Robinson, he entered Olivet College with intentions of becoming a doctor. All this naturally makes heartwarming reading. But that isn't the end of the Sugar Chile saga.

Today they're buzzing out loud over those old shaving and El Producto rumors since it became known that Frank won't get the \$100,000 salted away in the bank against the day when he turns 21. Seems that Frank won't get that Sugar Chile sugar until the year 1960 even though he is already 21 and will be 22 at year's end. What really happened to snafu him at a time when he could use that night club dough was that they pushed his age up a couple of years or so when the school teachers and others started harping on his parents' "hustling" on the child's talents.

Frank was born, Detroit courthouse records reveal, on December 26, 1935, at 7526 Richmond Street, which would make him 22 this coming December.

But the way things are now set up, he won't be 21 until 1960, so maybe those spies backstage at Harlem's Apollo and Washington's Howard Theaters weren't too wrong at all when they reported the child prodigy smoking cigars and indulging in a cooling shave.

Whiskey Galore

THEY'RE selling whiskey practically everywhere around Chicago these days, except in church. The supermarkets, delicatessens, candy stores, department stores, grocery stores, meat markets all have liquor counters. The old time corner drugstore where they once specialized in selling medicine and ice cream sodas has changed almost completely. The other day we visited one for some headache pills and the proprietor told us: "Don't carry 'em any more. All we have nowadays in the line of medicine and drugs is castor oil, bicarbonate of soda and cold tablets. We're selling liquor here, not drugs!"

Single Action

THERE IS a tiny bar on New York's upper Amsterdam Avenue that is a bellweather of the bankroll status of hundreds of neighborhood customers. This is one of those places whose function is to service gamblers. Not, mind you, ordinary crap shooters, poker and blackjack players. Gamblers of this ilk congregate in other places. Not here. This one is for those who specialize in playing numbers and betting on horse races.

From early morning until around the dinner hour, the bar is "loaded" with housewives, glamour girls, the backwash from the world of "flat-footed hustlers," old maids, elderly men with racing forms under their arms, eager young postoffice clerks, beer and whiskey salesmen, all with ears attuned to hear the news: "What was the number for today?" A single telephone booth occupied by a "Single Action" banker has a line of would-be callers waiting to take it over. The banker is busy getting the first, second and third "figures" for his room full of customers.

Inveterate horse players also get their results over the phone, and such questions as "What will I eat?" or "Will I eat at all tonight?" depends on what comes over the phone.

"Single Action" involves bets on each individual number from official Clearing House or parimutuel sources. For example: around 1 p.m., the first number "falls out" and it's a 5. If you've got \$1 (that's the least you can bet) riding on the 5, you'll get \$8 and get it on the spot since Single Action has nothing to do with the established numbers banks and the operator can bank any play on the spot.

A lot of gamblers put winnings, if any, from the first digit on the second which is due about 3 p.m. The last number comes out about 5 or 5:30 p.m.

Single Action gambling has become, since 1949, a citywide craze in New York and odd-looking characters in showy Cadillacs have invaded the Broadway

area with it. Gamblers can win as high as \$1,000 in one day off an original investment of \$1. It's a headache for the cops to stamp out, too, because unless on the scene and observing what's happening, the copper is stuck for evidence since few if any bankers write down their "plays."

One Single Action banker, long under police surveillance, was grabbed one early afternoon after he had run up a bonanza of "plays." Said the cop: "I can't get my hands on any visible evidence, but damned if you're not gonna remember what numbers were played with you." He then proceeded to shake the gambler by the neck until his head was reeling.

Observed a bystander: "If he can sort them plays out now with his brain all shook up like that, he's really got a photographic memory!"

Is Tap Dancing Old Hat?

PERHAPS the most hardy breed of entertainers have been those who tap dance for a living. They came up from barefoot buck dancing in New Orleans'

fabled Congo Square and on the hard-baked plots of ground in plantation villages to the spotlight on Broadway, Hollywood, Picadilly and the storied night clubs of Miami Beach. There was a time when you could see on street corners small kids busy trying out dance steps, eyeing careers as future Bojangles.

Today a tapdancer is as hard to find in a night club as a 15 cent shot of Haig and Haig. They just "faded away." Of course, there are a handful of top-notchers still around and on display here and there. People don't seem to have had enough of the perfectly marvelous Four Step Brothers. But what happened to John W. Bubbles, once of Buck and Bubbles, the man critics used to say was greater than Bill Robinson? And how about the terrific Ralph Brown, the man who originated the "Applejack?"

Well, our gumshoes got busy and came up with this disposition of once popular tapdance headliners: Teddy Hale and Walter Green are being "booked by Uncle Sam." Pegleg Bates runs his own summer resort in the Cat-



"Oh, she works in a warehouse? I thought you said . . ."

skills. Honi Cole and Charley Atkins get together once in a while on a gig. Otherwise Charley is in the personal management business. Willie Bryant is proprietor of a Harlem night club. Jimmy Payne, Leonard Reed, Sammy Dyer and Ziggy Johnson are producing shows and operating dance schools.

Sugar Ray Robinson was still boxing at this writing. The Nicholas Brothers are in Europe again. John Bubbles is working in German moving pictures. Tip, Tap and Toe have broken up. The Berry Brothers, decimated by the death of Nias, are now two and operate a Brooklyn restaurant. Son and Sonny broken up by death are represented by Sonny Montgomery in the Three Rhythm Kings (Kenneth Mitchell and Bobby Johnson). Eddie Rector, who revived "The Sand," last heard of still in Harlem, getting an occasional night club job. Bunny Briggs is seen now and then in Greenwich Village boites.

They just aren't finding work for tappers any more. The singers and musicians have taken over. Booking agents tell us that it's getting harder than ever to sell tap dancers in such big money places as Las Vegas and Miami Beach.

Dressing Room Blues

WE GOT to talking about the lives of stars with a top-name performer the other ayem. It was back in the dressing room. As we glanced around at the surroundings, we were struck with the thought that actually stars spend most of their waking hours backstage and yet most of these cubbyholes might be very well be lifted right out of a Skid Row fleabag.

Entertainers making anywhere from \$2,000 to \$25,000 a week find themselves forced to live most of the time in dressing rooms about the size of a clothes closet. Night clubs use all their space for seating guests and what's left goes to performers. It may be a corner next to the furnace, as in the case of the Blue Angel in Chicago.

Damita Jo, who works with Steve Gibson's Red Caps besides being married to Steve, tells us that the famed Latin Casino in Philadelphia has the worst dressing room of them all, although the club is considered one of the finest in the nation. There's water on the floor of the room, which is just off the kitchen. Stars such as Sammy Davis Jr. and Jimmy Durante have to wade through garbage getting in and out.

Birdland's accommodation are abominable. Musicians have the choice of the sidewalk upstairs or cramped quarters off the furnace room. In Las Vegas Negro stars with the exception of Eartha Kitt, Billy Daniels and Lena Horne who get "special treatment," have to make their changes and rest between shows in trailers back of the big showy gambling palaces. It's take it or leave it in most cases.

"You sit in your bus if you don't like it," Steve Gibson declares. "Only good dressing rooms for colored acts are at Copa City in Miami Beach and the remodeled Oasis in Los Angeles.

DUKE ON DISCS



Sam Evans

Each month DUKE asks a leading disc jockey for his selection of the most played popular records as well as the discs he feels will click in coming weeks. Our duke on discs this issue is famed Sam Evans of Chicago's Station WGES.

by **SAM EVANS**

LONG PLAYS seem to be coming in for more and more attention on disc jockey shows across the nation. LPs are being greatly helped with both cool smooth sounds, and some gorgeous covers revealing half-clothed, sensual looking dames.

One of the newest and best albums to hit the street is the Argo release on Ramsey Lewis. Same label has released the second album on Ahmad Jamal entitled "88 Count 'Em." Both these LPs bear your careful listening.

The Del Vikings, a smart young group on Dot label, is just about the only hot recording group today that is interracial. Their latest "What Makes Maggie Run" is a good followup for "Come Go With Me." The Coasters on the Atlantic label are swinging with their latest called "Young Blood."

It's hard to compile a list of the ten most popular records as indicated by a disc jockey's mail as 90 per cent of the mail comes from youngsters. Naturally they are going to request going such tunes as they like, songs by the Teen Agers, the Clovers, the Cadillacs, the Moonglows. It is rare that a true lover of the lowdown blues will write or even a spiritual record lover. Another thing that we have to watch for is the difference between records that are being requested for air play and those records that are being purchased across retail counters. It is my firm belief that a conscientious DJ has a tremendous responsibility to his listening audience, being charged with giving the public what they want and not what he as a DJ thinks they should have.

The best way to determine the 10 top tunes is to contact distributors and record shops and see what the public is laying down its money for. With the coin going both for LPs and singles and with a rapidly changing scene, I cannot in all honesty name 10 top tunes. Checking the listings in the three top trade journals pertaining to records, I find

them all different. So if these boys can't get together on what's tops, then who am I?

Here are some sounds that have greatly impressed me in recent weeks and I pass these along for your own appraisal. Duke Ellington's "Jazz At Newport" on the Columbia label is fine. There are three releases in this series. Ask for the one numbered CL 934. On one side there is the greatest horn work I've ever heard by Paul Gonsalves, when he does 27 straight choruses playing one of the longest and most unusual tenor sax solos ever captured on record.

Fats Domino continues hitting in stride with his latest "The Rooster Song."

Chuck Berry, for my money the cleverest lyric writer on the scene, has one that should easily pass the million seller mark. It's on Chess and called "School-days."

Don Robey, a top level record manufacturer from Houston, Texas, is currently hot with two on the R & B kick—"Next Time I See You" by Little Junior Parker and "I Smell Trouble" by Bobby "Blue" Bland.

In the spiritual field, the Staple Singers have walked away with all honors for the queer sound obtained with the simple use of guitars on their big selling "Uncloudy Day." On the same label, Vee Jay, the Five Blind Boys of Mississippi have a real church type number called "Let's Have Church" with Archie Brownlee singing lead.

Elvis Presley can't be overlooked when we talk about top selling records. His latest "All Shook Up" is predicted to hit the 10 million mark. This I want to see. Congrats to a fine song writer, Otis Blackwell, for penning this hit for Elvis.

Little Richard, who I believe to be the greatest sight act I've seen in the R & B field, is hot with two in the best selling list, "Lucille" and "Send Me Some Loving."

Did Ilse make a proposition or a proposal, Hayes wondered

THE FRAULEIN AND THE PRIVATE

by WILLIAM GARDNER SMITH

LYING on my back in the sand in the sun, with the grains of sand trickling between my fingers and the cushion of sand beneath my back and arms and legs, I felt as if I were back in Atlantic City in the States. I had spent many days like this at the shore, lying in just such a position and feeling the coolness as the sun stole the water from the surface of my skin and hearing the

sound of the water and the sound of people on the beach and in the water and the girls laughing and boys laughing and their laughs running together into a melody of carefreeness that sang out the wondrousness of living and cried out that there is no hate, only joy and living and lying on the beach in the sand in the sun.

I had lain on the beach many times,

but never before with a white girl. A white girl. Here, away from the thought of differences for a while, it was odd how quickly I forgot it. It had lost importance. Everyone was blue or green or red. No one stared as we lay on the beach together, our skins contrasting but our hearts beating identically and both with noses in the center of our faces.

"I have always wanted to go to America," the voice beside me came faintly through my thoughts. "It must be wonderful there."

My eyes were closed against the sun and the red glare penetrated my eyelids. The heat felt wonderful on my skin.

"Yes," I said to the pale figure I knew was beside me. "America is wonderful."

"I have seen pictures of New York," the voice came through. "It is wonderful. So big. The buildings are so high. I would love to see it."

"Love," I said. "You would love to see it. Love. Most wonderful thing in life, love. Love is marvelous."

"Love?" The voice was puzzled. Then: "You know, I wish I could find love. Never have I felt it. Always I have wanted to feel it. Real love. Love that is everything. Love so that you would die for him that you love. Never have I found that. Do you know love such as that?"

"I know it," I said. "I know love. Love is not wild." The sun was trying to make me drunk. "Love is not a fiercely burning furnace. It is a banked fire. It comes gently walking on feathers. It is warm and you feel it warm inside, not hot, when you are with the one you love. It is only warm when you are with the one you love and sometimes you do not know that it burns. But when you are away, or are jealous, or are angry with the one you love, you feel it hot. Then it is a great inferno and you know truly that it burns."

I stretched, content in my great wisdom, and the sand rustled warm and soft beneath my body. The sun made red circles appear in my mind and when I tried to look at them they ran away. They always came back, only I couldn't

"Today I think I take
a bath with you."



look at them. I could be conscious of them but not look at them. If I looked at them they left.

"How old are you, Ilse?" I was talking to the German woman who was out on a date with me now.

"Twenty-four. And you?"

"Twenty-two. I am twenty-two and you are twenty-four and you must ask me about love. Funny. You were never in love?"

"Never. I was married, but I did not love my husband. I was nineteen then and in two years we were divorced. Since then I did try to find love. But I did not find it."

"It will come. You will be sorry, perhaps, when it does come."

"No. Never sorry, if it is love. If I could love I would be happy. Only then could I be happy. I would be happy for the first time. First I was a child and I was happy a little but not much because always I did think of love and to be married and so I could not be happy until that happened. Then there was the war and I was not happy that my brother had to go to the war. Then I was married and I did not love my husband and so had a divorce. Then the bombs did fall on Berlin and my home was hit by the fire bombs and I did stand outside of my house and look at the fire and cry and my mother did cry and everything did burn, everything, everything. Then the Russians did come to Berlin and that was more bad than the bombs and I was afraid to go on the street and they did come one day to my house, three of them, and my father was there and he did beg the Russian soldiers to leave me alone and they did laugh at him and throw me on the bed and do things to me. Now I do not think I will ever be happy."

I did not say anything.

I felt the patter of sand grains against my face and knew they were from Ilse's hand.

"Where's your husband now?" I asked.

"He is not my husband."

"I know. Where is he?"

"Someplace here, in Berlin. I do not see him any more."

"And your parents?"

"In Frankfurt. They cannot get back to Berlin because Frankfurt is in the American zone and Berlin is in the Russian zone. Now I live with my uncle and his wife."

I lay in the sand with my eyes closed.

"I'm sleepy," I said. "Do you mind if I go to sleep?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I would like that."

"Do you go to sleep also?"

"No. I sit here and watch you while you sleep. I like that. Go to sleep. Here, I keep the sun from your eyes."

She held her hand so that its shadow fell over my eyes.

"It's okay," I said. "You don't have to hold your hand there."

"I like it." She held her hand over my eyes and in a few minutes I dozed off. I slept for three hours.

I was refreshed after my sleep. Now, toward evening, the air was cooler and

we did not go in the water again, but lay together on the soft sand and talked.

When the other soldiers were ready to go we rose and brushed the sand from our bodies and went back into the woods to dress. We climbed in the trucks and the motors roared as the trucks struggled to get out of the sand and then we were on the dirt road that was full of holes and the trucks leapt and pitched like a life raft at sea. The truck was crowded and Ilse sat on my lap, holding me tightly whenever the truck bounced. We drove past the ivy-covered houses and through the tree-lined streets and along the broad avenues that make Berlin one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and past the spacious five-story apartment houses onto Dorfstrasse where we pulled to a halt in front of the EM Club.

I jumped off the rear of the truck and helped Ilse off. We walked to the back room, the "club room," and I talked for a moment with the boys. We walked out into the main part of the club again and took seats at a private table.

"Today was beautiful," she said.

"Wonderful." I looked at the way the blond hair swept back from her forehead and temples, at the soft-looking lips and the simple dress.

"I love to hear you talk," she said. "I could listen when you talk all day."

"Love again," I said. But I was pleased.

"Yes, love. I love to hear you talk and I love your skin with water on it. It is brown and like a man's skin. Later in the summer my skin will also be brown. Not so brown as yours, but still it will be a little brown. Then we will be brown together."

We heard the sound of music. "Where is the music?" Ilse asked.

"Upstairs. There's a floor for dancing upstairs. Would you like to go up?"

"Yes."

We rose and went upstairs to the floor where many couple now danced. What they played was very slow and we danced close together on the ice-smooth floor. When the dance was finished Ilse stood close to me, very soft and very warm.

"Our first dance together," she said, looking up at me. She said it in that soft voice and she looked at me and I felt hot coffee run down my throat and into the pit of my stomach.

The band struck up a waltz and Ilse smiled brightly and took my hand and I said, "I cannot waltz," but she said, "It is easy, try," and I tried as the music played the Strauss waltz I had heard in music appreciation in school. I did not do so well with the waltz.

Ilse looked at me and smiled. "I want to teach you to dance," she said. "I will like that. And I will teach you to speak German. You must know that. When it is time for you to go home you will be able to speak German almost as well as English."

"I would be happy," I said.

At ten o'clock I said to Ilse, "Come, we will go to the streetcar stop and I will take you home."

"Please?"

"The streetcar stop," I said. "You know, the cars that carry people on the street."

Ilse laughed. "Oh, that is the *Strassenbahn*. And the place where the *Strassenbahn* must stop is the *Haltestelle*. That is your first lesson in German."

She stood up and we went outside to the car stop and waited for the *Strassenbahn*. Ilse looked at a time sheet on the corner which indicated that the car would be at the corner in three minutes. It was punctual to the minute. We stepped aboard and stood at the rear of the car in which the people sat in brown, wooden seats. We rode for ten minutes and Ilse indicated that we should get off. It was less than a minute's walk to the five-story apartment in which Ilse lived.

"Will you come in?" Ilse asked.

"Not tonight. It is too late."

"Only for a minute. I want you to see my uncle and aunt."

"No. Another time. I want to be back in the camp by bed check."

She moved close. The street was dim because most of the lights were damaged during the war. I felt her move close and took her waist with my right hand, pulling her closer. Our lips met softly, then, with her arms now tight about me, hard.

"Good night, Ilse."

"Good night, Hayes."

She went up the walk to her door, turned and waved, then went in. I walked back to the *Haltestelle* and caught the next *Strassenbahn* back to camp.

I saw her every night after that Sunday at Wannsee, and every moment I had free during the day I came into the dispatch office, and she taught me German if we stayed in the office and taught me to dance if we went to the club. Every night she gave me a list of words and their translations which I was to learn, and she taught me simple sentences and greetings, such as "How do you do?", "Where are you going?", "What is your name?", "I am hungry," "Where is the camp?" She didn't concentrate on teaching me the correct endings or anything complicated like that, contenting herself with useful words and phrases.

"Tonight there is no lesson," she said. "Tonight you will come with me at home and meet my aunt and uncle."

"All right," I said. "They'll think I don't want to know them if I don't go."

We boarded the car and rode to Ilse's home. She lived in a three-room apartment on the second floor, she told me. One room was a kitchen, one the bedroom of Ilse's aunt and uncle, and one Ilse's bedroom. When we were inside, I saw that the rooms were fairly large and were pleasantly furnished. Everything was very clean.

The aunt was a tall, distinguished-looking woman and the uncle fat and jolly. They were glad to meet me. They spoke in a mixture of simple German and mispronounced English that was hard to follow, but I managed to understand most of what was said and



where there was difficulty Ilse translated for me. They insisted that I take a little to eat and placed before me a small dish with potato salad and sliced tomato with onion on top. Ilse had the same.

Ilse looked at me and smiled. "Come." Ilse led me into her room. It was cozy and large, with a big French window opening out to a balcony. A bed covered by a spotlessly white spread was in one corner of the room. Near the bed was a small table; a desk sat in another corner, with a china closet, clothes closet and sofa around the walls. Near the sofa was a round table with an empty vase in its center.

I sat down. Ilse went into the bathroom and when she came back she was wearing a sheer nightgown. She looked surprised because I had not undressed. I was a little overwhelmed, because I had said nothing about staying for the night. To hell with a bed check, I thought. I took off my shirt and began untying my shoes as Ilse climbed into the bed. I walked over to the bed and slid in under the heavy German stuffed quilt that looked like a mattress.

"Our first night together," Ilse said happily.

"Yes," I said.

"You know, you are the first man to sleep here in my uncle's house."

"Yes?" I did not believe it but it did not matter.

"Hayes," she said, "please turn out the light."

I got out of the bed and hurried across the linoleum-covered floor. Lights out, I climbed back in bed. Peace and comfort. Wonderful sheets. Endless stretching. Paradise. Heaven, to fulfill my expectations, would have to include clean, cool sheets to lie between.

In the dark, I felt Ilse turn toward me and raise her head. She kissed me very slowly and very, very gently—barely touching—on the lips, lips closed. Then on the cheek, then eyes, then cheek, then mouth again, now hard and body close and parted lips this time; and now more together, me turning, embracing softly, then firmly, then as one, then soft and warm and slow, still kissing, slow passion, mounting and lips apart and meaningless talking and she calling sweet names in English and then in German, softly, moaningly, and warm inside and hot, and motion slow, passion mounting, then mounting, then mounting, then mounting . . .

She kissed me long and hard.

"Good night, my Hayes."

"Good night, Ilse."

On Sunday I awoke at six o'clock and jumped from the bed in alarm. Then I realized that it was Sunday and got

back in bed. Ilse lay undisturbed beside me. I closed my eyes and soon sleep came again.

When I woke again it was to feel the cool softness of lips against mine and to see the early morning, smiling beauty of Ilse. She sat on the edge of the bed, fully clothed. On the night table were a plate of food and a cup of coffee.

"Good morning, sleepy," she said.

"Hi." I pulled her down until her breasts lay flat against my chest and kissed her softly. "*Wie geht es dir heute Morgen?*" I asked.

"*Sehr gut, mein Liebling,*" she replied.

Lying there, looking at her, I felt exceptionally wide awake and cheerful. It was Sunday morning with no work to be done in the company; an entire day to do with as I pleased. I filled my lungs with air and looked at the sunlight that was pouring into the room.

"Are you hungry?" Ilse asked.

"Yes. Very hungry."

"Good. Sit up and let me feed you."

I sat up in the bed, propping the pillow against the bedposts behind me. Ilse dug the fork into the *Blutwurst*, tomatoes, and potato salad and carried the food over to my mouth. It tasted good.

"I can feed myself," I said. I put the plate in my lap and took the fork from the frowning Ilse. Ilse got up and turned on the radio. The opera *Carmen*, my favorite, was being performed. I looked at my watch. A few minutes before ten.

"*Was soll es heute sein?*" I asked.

"What shall it be today? Movies, opera, scala, stay at home, dancing lessons, German lessons, Wannsee . . .?"

"Ummm, I have already thought of that. I would like it if today we would visit some of my friends. I have a surprise for you, I think. You will like it."

"Okay," I said.

I was finished eating. On the radio, Don Jose met Carmen at Lillas Pastias. I relaxed, listening to the opera. I closed my eyes. Ilse pulled my ear.

"Do not get comfortable. Your water is hot. You must take your bath."

"Mmmm. The plague of sanitation."

"Please?"

"Nothing."

She smiled suddenly and looked at me with her eyes bright. "Ahi! I have something for you." She went to the clothes closet, took something out, placed it behind her and walked back to the bed, standing and looking at me with her hands behind her.

"Guess."

"A beautiful girl, maybe?"

"No!"

"Much money?"

"No."

"A soldier you hid in the closet?"

"No."

"I can't guess."

Slowly she pulled the treasure around in front of her. A pair of white, fur-covered bedroom slippers were in her hands.

"Darling! They're beautiful."

"So! The first time you call me darling must be when I have a present for you, eh?"

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"It's a who-done-it blindfold test. You have to guess who does it."

*Like some of moviedom's top stars,
model Cordie King also posed in the raw*

PRIVATE PHOTO FILE OF A MODEL

MARILYN MONROE did it for \$50. Anita Ekberg agreed to do it because she said she was interested in art. Jayne Mansfield supposedly did it to work her way through college. To all of them posing in the nude for photographers later proved a stepping stone to stardom. But at the moment they shed all modesty and stepped before the camera completely naked, basically it was for money.

So it was, too, with top Chicago model Cordie King, when she cast off all inhibitions as well as the usual elegant gowns she wore in fashion shows from coast to coast. Displaying a svelte form fully as shapely as Marilyn Monroe's in her famous calendar poses, Cordie did a private sitting for a series of revealing figure studies by prominent Chicago glamour photographer Stephen Deutch. They became a part of a private photo file for artists.

Not long after she posed, Cordie was linked romantically with Sammy Davis Jr. and he publicly announced their marriage. And just as Joe DiMaggio was annoyed by the nude photos of Marilyn, so also did the nude photos of Cordie pose a threat to her romance with Sammy, who even objected to ordinary cheesecake shots of her.

Cordie suddenly ran out on Sammy and married Indianapolis trucking executive Marion Stewart to settle down as a housewife. But the nude photos of Cordie are still being used by art students who paint from photos because they cannot afford a live model. **DUKE** presents the hitherto-private photos for the first time in any publication in a montage effect created by Leroy Winbush with a decorative beach towel.

In these pictures Cordie proves that she is just as distinctive without clothes as she is in some of the fabulous gowns she has modelled in fashion shows from the Windy City to the West Indies. Her physical charms fully match those of any of the famous Hollywood stars who have bared their bosoms for camera art.

Cordie frankly admits that she agreed to nude modeling because she was once hard put for the cash that she got as a model's fee. But today she would gladly pay ten times what she got to have the photos taken out of circulation.







T. Hee

*In jailhouse and niteries,
famed stick man got his introduction to real jazz*



ART BY SHOSHONNAH

blues were my sex education

by **MEZZ MEZZROW**

THEY TAUGHT me the blues in Pontiac Reformatory—I mean the blues, blues that I felt from my head to my shoes, really the blues. And it was in Pontiac that I dug that Jim Crow man in person. We marched in from the mess hall in two lines, and the colored boys lockstepped into one side of the cell block and we lockstepped into the other, and Jim Crow had the block, parading all around us, grinning like a polecat. I saw my first race riot there, out in the prison yard. It left me so shaky I almost blew my top and got sicker than a hog with the colic. Jim Crow just wouldn't get out of my face.

But out in Pontiac I got my first chance to play in a real man-size band, with jam-up instruments, and it was a mixed band at that, Negroes and whites side by side busting their conks. During those months I got me a solid dose of the colored man's gift for keeping the life and the spirit in him while he tells of his

troubles in music. I heard the blues for the first time, sung in low moanful chants morning, noon and night. The colored boys sang them in their cells and they sang them out in the yard, where the work gangs massaged the coal piles.

Night after night we'd lie on the corn-husk mattresses in our cells, listening to the blues drifting over from the Negro side of the block. I would be reading or just lying in my bunk, eyeballing the whitewashed ceiling, when somebody would start chanting a weary melody over and over until the whole block was drug. The blues would hit some colored boy and out of a clear sky he'd begin to sing them:

*Oooooohhhh, ain't gonna do it no mo-o,
Oooooohhhh, ain't gonna do it no mo-o,
If I hadn't drunk so much whisky
Wouldn't be layin' here on this hard flo'.*

This would get to one of the other cats, and he'd yell, "Sing 'em, brother, sing 'em," trying to take some weight off himself. Then the first one, relieved of his burden because somebody has heard him, as though the Lord had heeded his prayer, answers back with a kind of playful resentment—he'd been admitting he had the blues but he's coming out of it now and can smile a little. So he comes back with, "You may make it, brother, but you'll never be the same." And now some third guy, who'd been listening to this half-sad, half-playful talking back and forth, would feel the same urge and chime in, "You might get better, poppa, but you'll never get well."

Those chants and rhythmic calls always struck a gong in me. The tonal inflections and the story they told, always blending together like the colors in an artist's picture, the way the syllables were always placed right, the changes in the words to fit the music—this all hit me like a millenium would hit a philosopher. Those few simple riffs opened my eyes to the Negro's philosophy more than any fat sociology textbook ever could. They cheered me up right away and made me feel wonderful towards those guys. Many a time I was laid out there with the blues heavy on my chest, when somebody would begin to sing 'em and the weight would be lifted. Those were a people who really knew what to do about the blues.

The white man is a spoiled child, and when he gets the blues he goes neurotic. But the Negro never had anything before and never expects anything after, so when the blues gets him he comes out smiling and without any evil feeling. "Oh, well," he says, "Lord, I'm satisfied. All I wants to do is to grow collard greens in my back yard and eat 'em." The white man can't feel that way, usually. When he's brought down he gets ugly, works himself up into a fighting mood and comes out nasty. He's got the idea that because he feels bad somebody's done him wrong, and he means to take it out on somebody. The colored man, like as not, can toss it off with a laugh and a mournful, but not too mournful, song about it.

It's easy to say he's shiftless and

happy-go-lucky and just doesn't give a damn. That's how a lot of white people explain away this quality in the Negro, but that's not the real story. The colored man doesn't often get sullen and tight-lipped and evil because his philosophy goes deeper and he thinks straight. Maybe he hasn't got all the hyped-up words and theories to explain how he thinks. That's all right. He knows. He tells about it in his music. You'll find the answer there, if you know what to look for.

In Pontiac I learned something important—that there aren't many people in the world with as much sensitivity and plain human respect for a guy as the Negroes. I'd be stepping along in the line, feeling low and lonesome, and all of a sudden one of the boys in the colored line, Yellow or King or maybe somebody I didn't even know, would call out, "Hey, boy, whatcha know," and smile, and I'd feel good all over. I never found many white men with that kind of right instinct and plain friendly feeling that hits you at the psychological moment like a tonic. The message you get from just a couple of ordinary words and the smile in a man's eyes—that's what saved me many a time from going to the shady side of the street in that jailhouse. I had plenty to thank those colored boys for. They not only taught me their fine music; they made me feel good.

Jim Crow made himself plenty scarce around the band room and the work gang, but he was standing close by, biding his time. When he finally showed himself he came on like a funky rat.

On Saturday afternoons and Sundays we were allowed in the yard for some ball playing and a much needed breath of air. The yard was divided into two factions—the colored and white boys who hung out together, and the Southern white boys who were always throwing sneers at us when we passed. Mitter Foley, Joe Kelly, Johnny Fredricks, Georgia, Big Six, Yellow and Bow were the leaders on our side. The other gang was led by some mean, stringy guys who always looked hard and never cracked a friendly smile. They all had names like Texas and Tennessee, as though they were clippings from some geography-book map instead of flesh-and-blood human beings.

The real trouble between the two gangs was caused by the fact that Big Six, a colored boy, had a white "punk." A punk, if you want it in plain English, is a boy with smooth skin who takes the place of a woman in a jailbird's love life. I'm not going to apologize for Big Six; I'm just saying that the Southern boys had their punks too, plenty of them, but they resented a Negro doing the same things they did with a white boy. It was the same evil that white Southerners have about a Negro man and a white woman. Those Southern boys meant to draw the color line around their punks too.

One afternoon, when Big Six was walking around the yard with his punk by his side, the Southern boys ganged up on him and began to cuss him out.

That's how it started. At first it was just another fist fight, but in a couple of minutes every cat in the yard was at it in a free-for-all race riot. The guards began to blow whistles, shoot their revolvers in the air; a lot of knives came into sight before it was over, and they were put to use. When the riot was finally put down a lot of cats were cut up like stuck hogs and others had broken arms, bloody noses and gimpy legs. Our privileges were taken away for a long time and the silent system took over. The ringleaders were put in solitary.

Right after the fight I landed in the hospital with dysentery and I almost checked out. It wasn't just the germs that made me so sick—my nervous system was so upset that for a while they thought I wouldn't come out of it. All the time I was stretched out on the infirmary cot I kept looking at the blank walls and seeing the mean, murdering faces of those Southern peckerwoods when they went after Big Six and the others with their knives. It couldn't have been worse if they'd come after me. I felt so close to those Negroes, it was just like I'd seen a gang attack on my own family.

I began to realize right there what the Civil War really meant. I'd been in plenty of tough fights back in Chicago, but never anything as bad as this one. The Tennessees and Texans wanted to kill every Negro they could lay their mitts on—you could see it in their faces. I'd never seen such murdering hate before.

When I got better I began to talk with Yellow and King in the band room. After what they told me I have never wanted to cross the Mason-Dixon line.

"Man," Yellow said, "they'd cut you out for lookin', where those motherfery-ers come from." King was a more dignified and scholarly kind of guy. All he said was, "Milton, in my home town I couldn't even walk down the street less'n I got off in the gutter to let some white man pass." When I told him about my buddy Sullivan back in Chicago, the colored boy who hung out with us all the time and played catch on our ball team, his eyes opened wide and a wonderful happy expression spread over his face. He gave me the kind of look an artist might give you when he never dreams you'll understand his painting and then you dig everything in it, down to the last stroke. King and I understood each other.

While I was in the hospital my mother came to visit me. She was crying when she came in with Judge Graves, the warden.

"Don't cry, Ma," I said. "You must not understand or you wouldn't be crying like that. This is a wonderful place and I'm learning to play the flute and piccolo and saxophone and I like it here. They treat us swell, and besides I'm not lonesome. I only spoiled my stomach and I'll be all right." She left feeling a lot better.

I had an indeterminate sentence of one to ten years. When I came up be-

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"And I thought a man of your age would be satisfied with just a little peace of mind."



*That Ivy headgear got its start
in Harlem rather than Harvard*

THOSE CRAZY CAPS

by VINCENT TUBBS

THEY CALL IT the Ivy look but ask any haberdasher worth his salt, and he'll tell you it really started in Harlem rather than Harvard. Along Lenox Avenue and right on up to Sugar Hill, those crazy caps caught on and before long if you weren't wearing one, you were strictly square. Now the whole country's gone crazy for those flattop headpieces and naturally it wouldn't be exactly high fashion to admit it all began in Harlem. So Harvard gets the credit.

Whether Harvard or Harlem, the Ivy cap is the biggest innovation in men's fashion since Bermuda shorts came on the scene. With the wrong people wearing them, they were nearly killed off at one point. The boys in the back rooms of the barber-shops flipped up the bills and turned them around backwards, and the man who wore one was marked as a hustler or a field hand.

But caps finally made it back as one of the most



A felt
tam with the pip
on top, a shiny
multi-colored
Ivy, or a stretchable,
sponge-type Thermo
cap—all are
designed to keep
hotheads cool,
as Louis Jordan
demonstrates.



Cocked and colorful, Ivy cap comes in small sizes, and hepsters wear them far forward with knowledge bump fully exposed.

successful revivals in men's wear, for no he-man under a hot summer sun could keep a hat on while blowing out a T-bird or taching a Jag at 7,000 RPMs. He would neither look right nor feel right—even in an old-fashioned golf cap.

Happily, today's crazy caps are neater and more versatile than the original fat-crowned, long-billed headpiece popular on the golf courses in the 1920s. Puffs gone and bills shortened, the Ivy cap is made to fit snugly on the top and front of the head. Every complete wardrobe must now boast at least two: a tan corduroy with leather piping, and a lightweight job in garish plaid or striped colors.

They are worn on the golf course, at the beach, on rainy days or racing days, on the campus or on the corner for watching the girls go by.

Even Louis Jordan, who once featured the loud zoot suit but has now switched to the Ivy look, finds the colorful cap fits his fancy and fetish for fabulous finery. In Chicago recently, he grabbed an armful of caps at Smoky Joe's and put on a typical laugh-provoking Jordanesque mockery of the way some cool cats cover their crowns.

For Louis, the revival of the cap in the fashion world was a throwback to the days of Bobby Jones and Babe Ruth when cap production in America hit a peak of 55 million toppers a year. "I was just a little tyke then and by the time I was big enough to wear a cap backwards like the dudes, the depression had set in and I was going bareheaded like the college boys," Louis recalls.

"I was wearing straight leg pants and my mother made me keep my cap on straight. The first one I owned flopped down around my ears and I looked a mess. The slickers around town were turning the bills up, so I turned up my bill to make my cap fit better but Mom heated up my pants every time I did it.

"Like every other cat nowadays, though, I've got a cap for every occasion, including the days I'm on the outskirts of town at my Arizona home. Then I wear the new thermo-

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*Supposed sexual superiority of colored brother
is a fiction bound to vanish with desegregation*

THE MYTH OF OUR VIRILITY

by GEORGE S. SCHUYLER



ONE OF the coming casualties of racial integration is apt to be the hoary fiction about the superiority of *Homo Africanus* in horizontal calisthenics. For centuries this superstition has been the backbone of racial bias, the primary cause of the proscriptions to which the colored brother has been heir. With advancing desegregation this folklore of fornication will be laid to rest alongside the supposed physical difference of the Chinese female. Long tormented by his conviction of sexual inadequacy, the fearful Aryan male will finally be able to relax when this venerable imposture is exploded.

The persistence of this fiction for so long has been proof that people react more to what they believe than to what is true. With broader equality and wider association between races, this firmly-held notion that in the sexual struggle the competition of the Negro male has been too rugged will be abandoned.

Once all restrictions were removed, the ofay gentry have long thought, the stalwart Afric would by his proficiency attract all the Caucasian maidens, leaving the white males nothing but the ugly riffraff—or each other!

In a burst of frankness, one Georgia cracker once remarked

to the writer, "Th' niggrahs is jes too damn good in bed." The implication was that such sexual competition was too great to risk removing racial barriers. But how, I wondered, would he know?

This fiction has been given great literary support. Story-tellers through the ages have endlessly repeated and embellished it. That Arabic classic *The Thousand and One Nights* is based on the rage of a king who learned of his lissome wives and concubines disporting themselves during his absence with his burly, black slaves. The scene of slaves coupling with concubines in a mass orgy as described in the unexpurgated edition of *Arabian Nights* has continually run into censorship troubles. After catching his wife in the act, the king wed a new wife every day and executed her the following morning until there was danger that all the kingdom's comely chicks would be destroyed. It was then that Scheherazade came to the rescue, volunteering to marry the sadistic monarch. The fascinating stories she told each night so intrigued him that he kept postponing her execution for 1001 mornings—and they lived happily ever after.

One of her stories gives another insight into the fear of the potency of "blackamoors" and tells how one was castrated to be made a eunuch after he romanced his master's daughters.

Famed Boccaccio's predecessor, Masuccio, devotes many of his erotic *Novellinos* to tales of sundry slender Italian princesses and young wives who risked everything playing on pallets with burly blackamoors who crowned their lovers and husbands with the horns of cuckoldry. Folk tales on this theme are legion, and the burden of all of them is the enormous size and stamina of the African organ.

It remained for the late Dr. Kinsey to expose what every experienced damsel soon learns, to wit: that male sexual virility rapidly declines in the early twenties, and, save in rare instances, is practically all shot by middle age. However, the writers of French farce had preceded him with skits about lusty young wenches making suckers out of elderly goofs who thought they could live up to sexual and financial demands, or libidinous beldames who sent young students through college or dallied with handymen.

The old smoking car aphorism that "a girl gives away a million dollars worth before she finds out she can sell it" is also applicable to the teenage male who is enjoying his best days. By the time he gets over his fears, awkwardness and inexperience, his prowess has become largely mental, something to boast about in barroom and barrack but usually wishful thinking, regardless of race, color or creed. It is an all-too-sad fact that many an insatiable matron turns to others because her hubby turns over too soon. It is naive indeed to assume that such situations do not obtain in Aframerica.

Oscar Wilde observed that "nature imitates art," and the colored brother has vainly tried to live up to the tre-

mendous billing envious white men have given him. This fiction has compensated for his enforced lowly status. Around it he has built a dream world in which he, the black satyr, is pursued by beautiful blondes bulging in all the right places and panting to bed down with this "Sixty Minute Man" who, in the words of Jimmy Noone's jazz classic, is good for "Four or Five Times." This "supposin'" psychology was immortalized in that naughty ballad "Shake That Thing" which Ethel Waters once made a Negro national anthem.

There is no denying that there really are such Paul Bunyans of the bedstead, but they are no more plentiful among Negroes than among Nordics. It is physique and control that count, not race or color. To be sure in the Virginia and Kentucky slave stud farms, there were legendary giants whose masters kept them well-fed, rested, frisky and roaming around the plantation getting farm gals great with child. This insured capital gains in a business that was none too prosperous, notwithstanding propaganda to the contrary.

However, these rustic heroes of the haymow had their counterparts in medieval Europe before and after the Crusades when peripatetic troubadours and jongleurs sang their way to the castle hearths while the armored knights were away in the Holy Land chasing dusky Saracens, and vice versa. Out of this windfall of sexual license, the concept of romance grew. Out of these circumstances also came chastity belts which suspicious and untrusting hubbies locked on their wives for the duration, taking the keys with them. Singularly enough, although iron is more plentiful now than during the Renaissance, no Dixie legislator has yet introduced a bill prescribing chastity belts for wandering wives. Nor has any enterprising Southern manufacturer put them on the market. After all, American wives are too easily exchanged to go to all that trouble! A divorce or a bus ticket costs much less!

White women also have believed in this fiction of black virility and, to a lesser extent, built a dream world around it. The beautifully-bronzed god of the tourist advertisements sprawled provocatively under a palm tree on a Florida, Hawaiian or Caribbean beach is a safe idealization of the black coal heaver or porter whose presence has made her dream pleasantly. Unable to restrain themselves, some of the more adventurous have taken the plunge for the real thing even in Deep Dixie. A disproportionate number of white women outside the South who cross the line are originally from the Rope and Faggot Belt. But in all frankness, these exceptions are so few as to be insignificant, and they soon learn they have been duped. How many more will be disillusioned as integration progresses!

It is noteworthy, in this connection, that almost all the clamor against intermarriage and "social equality" comes from white *men* rather than white women (and how would these bucks know the facts about sepia virility—

unless they were swishes?) This indicates a considerable white female curiosity, which is only whetted by ignorance born of racial restriction.

Least deluded of all, is the colored woman. In her ranks are legions who have learned by comparison the hollowness of this fiction. Sexually she has always been America's freest person. It was not uncommon in the recent past for some leading Negroes to boast of blood connection with this or that (always prominent) white family via clandestine relationship usually of the black-woman-white-man variety. Simultaneously these errant females had a Negro sweetheart or husband. Who denies that many such relationships still exist? So it is the colored woman who can give the best testimony on the qualifications of black men and white.

Obviously she is doing little talking on the subject, since she lives uptown even if she earns her extra money downtown. One does not readily disclose the source of some of one's income, unless one wants one's friends and the internal revenue bureau to know. With so much race pride suffusing Aframerica, one can lose caste by too intimate association with Aryans of the opposite sex—in camera.

However, veteran investigators who have won the confidence of these dark lady scientists quote them as saying the colored brother is not so hot; that plenty of white men are as satisfactory in every way, in some instances more so, and often less demanding in the bargain.

As one tan lady of the evening was overheard scolding her mac: "You black —! You can't even do the one thing you think you can do!"

It seems inevitable with desegregation progressing that more white women are going to find out what black women have been knowing all along. Accordingly the fiction of Negro sexual superiority will suffer. As the bars go down there will at first be a considerable amount of experimenting. What with the new freedom of women, however, the thrill will soon peter out—if the dark brother has nothing more to offer.

Once white men get the message that their opposition is not as rough as they believed, Jim Crow, like old generals, will gradually fade away. Then men will be judged on their individual worth, not on skin pigmentation or fictional physical difference.

Before saying the doxology, however, let us consider Africa, the one place where the evidence should be conclusive but where the fiction does not exist either in song or story. Aside from Africa having less population than any continent except Australia, the dominant male is so unsure of himself that the custom of female circumcision is widespread, thus preventing the woman from enjoying the sexual act. While this does not entirely keep the wife or wives from straying away from the straight and narrow path, it makes it much less worth while.

The cuckold appears as frequently in African folklore as in the European or
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Niel had 27 girls in his stable
but he still needed a pretty black one

sweet man

"Some white, they want a
woman as black as you."



by EARL CONRAD

THIS WAS on my new waitress job at the Sosthene Bar and Grill. It was afternoon of the first day I was there. I was a few minutes in the ladies' room. Mr. Sosthene came rushing in. I said, "Hey, ain't you in the wrong bar?" He paid that no mind. "Look," he said, "we got a live one out there." I didn't know what that meant. He said I sure the dumbest waitress he ever saw, maybe too dumb for work around a bar. He been watching me all day, and I didn't even know one angle. I told him live and learn. He said for me to change out of my waitress uniform, get into my street clothes, then come by the bar as a customer.

I did like he told. At the bar I stood next to Mr. Sosthene and a well-dressed guy, he was drinking rum. This customer started to buying us drinks. Butzer, the pour man, he served us Cokes and this guy rum, but charged him for three rums each time. When this drunk left out a couple hours later he had spent ten extra dollars. The boss gave half the overcharges to me and said, "See what I mean?" I never was one to look for racket or slick get-by, but I been in the rough so long and needed money so bad, and this fell in my lap.

The Sosthene Bar and Grill, it was near City Hall. How I got this job, the United States Employment Service sent me. So these people that never had colored work there before, they had to take me because I could do the work. Lawyers, business people, politicians came in. Tipped good. And Mr. Sosthene wanted me to help him put the clip on his customers when they drank—if I wanted to stay there.

Some things I wouldn't do. Like a customer, he gave me a check for a hundred dollars. Mr. Sosthene, he counted out ninety-five and told me to give it to him. I refused. The boss said, "It's none of your goddamned business how I run my business." I didn't want the customer to blame me for the short change and made the boss pay right. After that, if somebody gave me a check, I brought it to the boss's daughter, Beatrix, who was a little more honest. Beatrix, she went around in slow motion. All she could do was pick up a few extra dimes when she made change. Was always saying, "Oh, I'm sorry."

It was a family-run business. While Mr. Sosthene ran the whole place, his wife ran the kitchen. Butzer, he was their nephew, and behind the bar. Beatrix at the cash register. Nothing any of them wouldn't do to a customer's pocket-book. This job, it was teaching me how some people can get a car, a house in the country, a good name as a businessman. The secret is simple: you got to use people. Like Mr. Sosthene was ready to use me. . .

The bar was on one side and it was a wooden partition between the bar and the eating side. A customer was drinking heavy at a table on the restaurant side. He felt my leg when I went by. An armful of dishes fell out of my hand and crashed on the tile floor. "You better get over by the bar," I said. The boss came over and I told him what the man did. The boss didn't order him out, just told him to go around to the bar if he wanted to drink. A few minutes later I passed the bar and this same customer, he started with his fingers again. I put the tray of food on the bar and said, "If you don't leave me alone I just put this beer bottle around your neck."

The boss heard it, he came over and asked me, "Why you object? Don't this guy give good tips?"

I said, "What I'm supposed to do for twenty-five cents?"

Another white man, a truck driver that came in sometimes, he wore his local number on his cap, he told the boss, "You got a daughter over there, she takes cash. Would you like it if I grabbed her like this guy grabbed your waitress?" The boss kept quiet. The feeler, he drank up and went out. But that truck driver coming into it, it showed me there's always some people got a sense of what's right, what's wrong. That's the big hope of us black, that enough white may have a sense of what's right to do—that and how we push them to do it.

I watched Butzer and the boss, how they did the customers. Butzer opened the place each morning. A few minutes later the boss and his wife got there because they didn't trust their nephew. Blood wasn't as thick as rum. Butzer, he would take a five- or ten-dollar bill out of the cash register. Just slide it in a pocket while he made out he bent under the bar for something. That meant he had to get that much out of the customers for the cash register. He'd get in a sweat trying to make his quota. When a man got drunk Butzer just poured him water out of a gin bottle. Maybe an inch of gin was mixed in with it. People that drank liquor on the eating side of the restaurant, they got the same watered drinks if they drank enough. Butzer showed me how to work the thick-glass trick, too. When a customer got a few in him, you started giving him thicker glasses. Pretty soon he was drinking out of a glass that was mostly glass and just an eyedropper space in the middle for his drink. The law said you was supposed to have certain-size glasses. Butzer said, "The thick-glass trick's used all over. You got to know who to use it on and when." But Butzer, he was unhappy. Didn't make enough rake-off. So he was studying for a job with the police department. Wanted to be a cop. Was always complaining to me he couldn't pass the mental test, only the physical.

It was a union place and I wasn't supposed to be on the bar. But on city paydays I'd be on the bar—and had to be, to hold the job. My job, it was to get some of that city money for the Sosthene Bar and Grill. I smiled at the customers, had good talk for them, gave them thick glass when they was ready for it, watered drinks when they was ready for that.

I drew business. The customers liked me. The boss liked it that I didn't tap the cash register. And I got some of the overcharges.

I figured the drink wasn't doing these drunks too much good and I needed the money as bad as they needed the drinks. When you doing something that's not right, you will figure out an honest lie to cover it up.

Sometimes a handsome, short, well-dressed Negro man came in. This fellow, his first name was Niel, he had a pleas-

ant way, smart talk about baseball, and he would bat out a little politics—and white fell in with him right away at the bar. I would see him go into a huddle with some white man. Then maybe they would go out together, get into Niel's Cadillac, and go somewhere. Niel watched how I served at the table, mixed drinks. He left big tips for me, two and three dollars, but never talked with me. Once he left me five dollars. I was afraid of that tip, and the next time he came in he told me he been noticing how I handled myself. He said, "These white folks, they like how you wait on them."

"What about that? White folks all likes black should wait on them."

He said no, I had a special good way with me, and he liked it too. "Look," he said, "I got some talk for you. . . ." When a black man says that he's pretty serious.

"A girl like you, with nice clothes, you could go somewhere. You and me, we would get along fine together."

He had straight talk, a soft voice. When he spoke his hands moved nice, like he was playing a guitar. I let him run talk and see what the hype was. . . .

He wanted to know what I made, what I did with it, how I lived. I told him I sent twenty a week to my mother-in-law in Virginia and ten a week to my mother in Mississippi. He said, "Now you the finest girl I met, taking care of the old folks like you do. But you just in chicken shid, girl, you just in chicken shid. Let me show you. . . ."

I never met a colored man before with so much money and a good heart with it. He was good-looking, had a neat mustache, a barbership scent. Slick. Just his way, the way he flashed himself. He came toward you at night, all the jewelry on him went on and off like lights that tell planes not to fly too low. I had no men friends, not much fun. I let him take me out each Sunday when I didn't work, and a night off I had each Tuesday. He came for me in his Cadillac.

For a month he didn't tell me his business, but got me dresses, jewelry, boxes of candy, and took me to his apartment. Said how much he liked me, pushed cash money on me to send South. Talked with me how I ought to have a nice big apartment. We went driving in his yellow Cadillac. Yellow as an egg's eye. He had places he stopped along Broadway between 125th Street and 155th Street. Restaurants, bars, hotels. People all through there seemed to know him. He knew all the police. They treated him very respectful. Honored him like he was a businessman. And which he was. They looked at his diamond rings, and he would pull out a watch with diamond decorations on it and say it was time he went. If somebody said he had on a swell tie he told them, "I only paid eight-fifty for this one at Findley's."

He was so good to me I was to bed with him a couple times, but I saw his real make, it wasn't me, it was *how to use me*. He kept talking about the fine apartments other girls had and he

showed me them. I knew by now they was his girls, working for him. His talk got more open. "You can have a setup like this and send your mother enough over, besides, so she will live like a queen down there in all that cotton."

He would give a sales talk. "Look, baby, you marry some poor bum. You live with him a lifetime and you sleep with him for nothing. You'd probably do as much of it with one guy, or more, than if you got money for it. So with me, you get fur coats, you ride in my car. I get you a swell apartment for you and your kid. You bring Evvie here, you send her to a private school. You be my baby and you make money for both of us. No more worries, honey. No cops going to raid you neither. I pays them all. All the way from 125th Street up to 155th Street. That's mine."

We be cruising along Broadway. He got his hand around me, and he keep going with this talk. "Now you just a all-alone gal who has been scuffling like hell in this job for seven cents a week. What you say, baby?"

I told him I liked him but didn't like his business. Which was true. What he wanted was me to get a quart, so he could get a half bushel.

He would laugh and say he would wear me down yet. Then maybe cruise along Riverside Drive where some of his girls had apartments. He would try another way. "New York don't ask you *where* you got your money, *how* you got your money. New York asks you just, 'Has you got money?'"

He showed me apartments just off Broadway for big rich white men who came up from downtown. They would



pay a hundred dollars for a night. Brought me to a couple of white girls' apartments on Broadway. These was for Negro customers he had that could pay out pretty good. "Remember," he would say. "You ain't going to be dealing with bums. I don't traffic with no five- or ten-dollar stuff. These are all wealthy."

"Selling it is selling it."

"Aw, you just a small-town gal from the Deep South with small-town idea. You never going to be nothing in this town the way you taking it."

I didn't know how black I was till he told me. "Some white, they want a woman as black as you, they will pay two hundred a night. If you was any blacker I could get three hundred. I got some customers that *don't want* to pay no less. We could be wealthy, you and me."

He opened my eyes to a lot. "Now by yourself," he said, "you ain't worth a goddamn. You couldn't go in the street now and get ten dollars. You got to be *sold*. That's my business. I got the *real* customers. I can take your ten-dollar stuff and sell it for hundreds! Because I'm a salesman. *That's* my business. I can *sell anything*. I can sell *battleships*!"

"Why you don't?"

He gave me a funny look. "You sure dumb. Don't you know only white can sell battleships and buildings and big land and big machines? *You* the only thing they let a black man sell and get any kind of money from it."

Niel, he told me he had twenty-seven girls in his stable. All kinds, tall, short, fat, lean, all religions, Spanish, Italian, Jewish, French, Chinese, Japanese, German, and English-type American girls and African-type American girls. He wanted me for African-type American girl. "I got a businessman downtown, he comes in there where you wait bar and he pay a hundred a night for you right now. You and me, we can be rich." I asked who the man was. It was a politician came in for drinks every day, and I never knew till then that man even noticed me. Just he drank heavy and went back and forth to City Hall.

I would go riding with Niel while he took care of his business. His M.O.—that's what the cops call a pimp's method of operation—it was this: He had pictures of his girls, two of each. One showed her all dressed up beautiful. The other, it showed her nude. The nude showed up the important parts most. Different poses. He had it written on the back of the picture the type, this nation or that, light-colored or blond. Niel might be in a bar, like the way he would come to Sosthene's. He would walk up to a middle-aged man fifty or sixty years old, if he looked to have money. Get close with him. Then pull out his pictures, talk about each girl. His mouth turned like a windmill. By the time Niel talked five minutes the man was ready to leave and go pay for what he picked.

He had downtown business—that was white—and uptown business. Uptown business, that was around Spanish Harlem and the borders all around it. If a

Negro bought one of Niel's girls, he had to pay double. Niel told me he had to keep it quiet for white business if his girls slept with Negro. White sometimes wanted their black women not to sleep with black men. When they bought such a girl they wanted to buy protection for their color feelings too. I got to look in at Niel's whole play. He said, "I can go to the bank and get money. *My business* gets a loan at the bank." He had a Cadillac and a Packard. Said he changed his cars each year. Had twelve apartments I knew of. Had his own special tailor. Had two or three businesses downtown set up just for picking up wealthy businessmen around Wall Street, Broadway, and Park Avenue. Niel, he told me many men that played the stock market, they got all tensed up during the day and wanted drink and what Niel could sell them in the evening. He once held a round ball of dope in his hand the size of a plum. He said, "I don't bother with no small

stuff like they peddle around these doughnut restaurants. I just sell a hunk like this for five thousand and make a thousand off it." But he didn't use dope himself.

The girls, they was all beautiful. Like you would see in downtown shows. If not beautiful, running with sex. Niel paid for their apartments, bought food and clothes for them, got them jewelry, lamps, and card tables for their apartments. Anything they needed. Sometimes he'd take one of them downtown to a show. But once he set them up in business, his idea, it was to have nothing much to do with them.

I nearly had my eyes scratched out one night in his territory. One of his girls, Manna, came along. Saw me sitting next to him in the car. "Who this with you?" she said. She was mad jealous, burned up at him, just by me sitting next to him. "I ain't seen you now for five weeks. What I'm supposed to

(Continued on Page 50)



*Maxine Chancellor wants to be an actress
and takes up modelling as a detour on the road*

OUR DUCHESS FOR JULY



PHOTOS BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN



SHE HAS the kind of striking face that stops you but when you turn around to take a second look, it's gone. However, there still remains an ingratiating view of a leggy brown frame. She's distinctive, something special—that's Maxine Chancellor, our duchess for July. It's not only in her big bright eyes, her wistful smile. It's there, too, when she speaks. She's no ordinary, humdrum girl, but a cultured charmer, this Chicago miss who you might spot in an art gallery or a bookshop, over a drugstore counter or strolling down the avenue in tight toreador pants.

Who *is* she, perhaps you'll ask yourself, feeling she's just not anyone. And when you ask, Maxine gives a multitude of answers. She's a parttime actress, a parttime model, a parttime dancer and a parttime student. Maxine wants to live a full life and does, whether she chatters away as a delightful conversationalist or lives alone with a collection of Edgar Allen Poe poetry. She's always on the go, but still finds moments for lounging in a bubble bath and then relishing a night's sleep in the nude. "I like to be free," she says.

And then this Chicago lass is ready to face the world and win it. She wants so much to be an actress and you forgive her that she is always acting with a dedicated intensity, even when she tells you what she prefers for breakfast. Modelling for her is a detour along the road. And the fact that she models in the nude for art classes at a Chicago academy becomes a matter-of-fact statement, as if everybody does the same. Maxine is a duchess in the truest sense, an inordinate young lady with a regal bearing stamped upon her every movement and her every word.

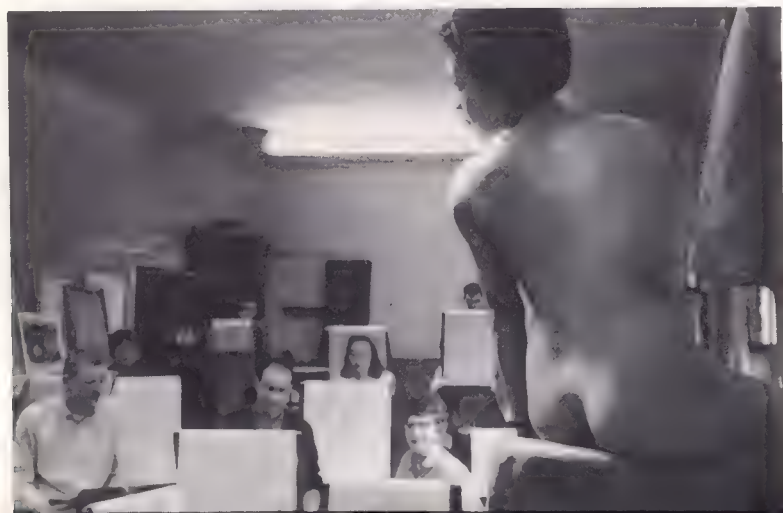
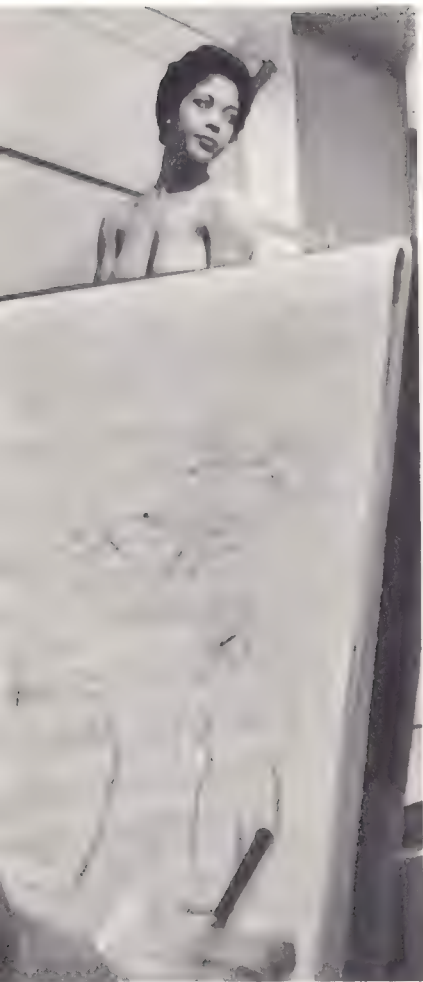




*She earns twice
as much without clothes*



STANDING NAKED and in the same position for 30 minutes at a time before a score of art students has become routine for Maxine Chancellor since she took to modelling little more than a year ago. Before then she was strictly a fashion model. But then she learned that she could earn twice as much without clothes. With her typical lack of inhibitions she was quick to display her shapely figure for the cause of art and a bigger weekly paycheck. Director Ruth Sickle Ford of the Chicago Academy of Art found her an excellent model. Maxine says simply: "If Marilyn can do it, why not me?"



maxine chancellor



*That shimmering something called Southern Womanhood
seems to have fallen from her pedestal*

THE BELL TOLLS FOR DIXIE BELLES

by BOOKER BRADLEY

HIGH on a pedestal of magnolia petals and organdy ruffles, surrounded by worshipful, hand-on-sword males who protest loyalty, devotion and eternal protection from the depths of their juleps, is a shimmering Dixie Something called Southern Womanhood. What is it?

In the first place, the species is white, brother! In the South dark womanhood goes by the name of Girl.

Ask any seersucker-suited Southerner and he'll tell you another mark of Dixie femininity. It seems that Negroes bode it no good, pant after it at night, dream of it as they pick cotton, gladly remain south of the border on a weekly paycheck of \$30 just to be near it, and romance their own women with a kind of *ersatz* passion. Presumably, when in their wives' embraces, they close their eyes and pretend they are kissing that nice blonde Miz Jeff Davis.

Obviously, to restrain these dark passions, a mighty lot of keeping-in-place must be exercised to keep those cotton-picking hands off'n Miss Corn Pone of 1957. That this restraint entails keeping pay envelopes of cullud folks slim as the Hush Puppy Cafe's ham cuts, is a convenient coincidence, but really quite immaterial. The big issue is Protecting Southern Womanhood.

Dixie gentlemen as a result fairly swallow up the tender flowers of the South with sincere solicitude. By basking in

the gratitude and admiration of their blossom girls, they can forget their own ineptitudes, which includes in their own minds an exhaustibility in the art of amour which, of course, does not at all trouble the "near-beast" Negroes.

Some psychologists have been crass enough to suggest this overabundance of chivalry is but a smokescreen to hide the fact that most southern men really don't have much on the ball. They even have a clinical word to describe the behavior of these masters at retrieving lace handkerchiefs and turning tender compliments. It's usually called overcompensation.

Could it be that these scions of plantation days fear to betray their debits and thereupon have become cantankerous and contemptuous of damyankees because they fear to compete on even terms even for the hands of their fair ladies? Perish forbid!

Man, how can you talk that way about that Rhett Butler and Gaylord Ravenol, you cad!

Rhett, Gaylord and their blood brothers—and true blue that blood is—have been defenders of the lilywhite faith so long that sometimes the little lady back in the old plantation mansion gets awful lonely while the master of the house is off at the tavern. And that's where all the trouble, that race trouble, begins.



First thing you know she's out flouncing about and sure enough, there's always a "field nigger" around to leer at her, as in the Carolina case of several years back. Or even worse, there might be an uppity cullud boy who's liable to say "Hi, doll," as in the Emmett Till case.

And that's when our Southern ladies really need protecting and our loyal and true white gentlemen are there to give it to 'em.

Could it be that sometimes the ladies are on the make, perhaps bitter and bored a'setting on the settee and looking for interesting male company, as Erskine Caldwell professes in so many of his stories of Southern doings? Could it be that the South's finest are quick to holler "rape," to defend their philanthering when caught?

Oddly enough, the weaker sexes in the South constitute its white ladies and Negro men, an uncomfortable combination to be sure, but certainly of like interests. There they are sitting in the same boat together, catching all the guff not only from what passes for manhood down Dixie way, but also from that vague thing called public opinion. Their common predicament stems from the fact that they are the two most stereotyped groups in America.

Being as how we Americans love to indulge in dishing out luscious, whipped cream-topped generalizations, we have found "cullud boys" and "Southern ladies" convenient targets for our verbalisms. Oh, we have many others, too—like the one about Latins being lousy lovers. Then there are those Balinese women who are supposedly visions of bosomy delight and the Germans who are all militarists. Jews are all loud and miserly and Negroes are shiftless (after all, would they live in the squalor of the slums if they weren't?) And Southern belles are . . . so many things!

Most Northerners believe, when they stop at all to think about Dixie women, that they wear flowers in their hair, and top most ensembles with lacy fans. Their stamina is surpassed by wet spongecake, and their exceeding modesty shocked by a bee's visit to a clover. Such spectacles are assumed to bring forth various exclamations, the most profane of which is, "Well, I declayah!"

They are said to save their figures by suckling their offspring at the breasts of "coal-black mammies."

The word "career" when applied to women, makes them turn pale. No lady works, they believe, save perhaps by hostessing in a tearoom. Bristling with womanliness, they aver that theirs is the noblest career, that of devoting every minute to being sweet and comely.

Hyphenated, double-jointed names, bestowed by wise mammas with an eye toward courting days, are apparently standard equipment for Dixie belles. Cerebral parents rightly foresaw that it would, take any suitor longer to pronounce "Miss Marcia-Lou" or "Miss Susie-Anne, honeh" than to mouth a Northern girl's clipped Jane or Ruth. And all the time they are trying to

think of the second half of the enchanting lady's monicker, they are breathing in the jasmine applied to her earlobes and swaying in the breeze created by a set of king-sized eyelashes. Apparently, when it comes to man-snagging, Southern belles are no slouches.

Latching on to a husband seemingly is the *raison d'être* of women from Memphis to Mobile. Money is important, as Scarlett O'Hara and every tearoom-running Tessie-Lou will agree, but nothing surpasses a candidate's Good Old Family Name. If his ancestors are listed in *Lee's Lieutenants*, no more need be said. "Shake the camphor out of Grandmama's rose point wedding veil, honey, there's going to be a wedding!"

To aid in attracting young gentlemen callers, it is generally understood up No'th that the Southern sisters dress in ruffy peekaboo blouses and voluminous skirts, often full enough to accommodate the hoops which many a backward-glancing miss wishes would return. Artists and coutouriers shudder at Dixie flounces, groan that not even Eskimo women have more to learn about the beauty of line, simplicity and subtle colors.

Those skirts, incidentally, are said to conceal in younger "belles" a tendency toward plumpness, which ripens into pulp in the early thirties. Exercise is mostly of the jawline variety south of the Big Line. It is furthermore sup-

posed that, to preserve the precarious ego of southern male, his lady must always be on the alert to let him win at croquet, mah jong, and Chinese checkers. Or perhaps this last is not an accredited form of recreation in the citadel of white supremacy?

All of which must prove something about woman's place in the South. It leaves the bewildered Yankee, anxious to get the full picture of pedestaled S.B., to conclude only one thing; that at least "settin' on a velveteen settee" must be the Southern lass' forte, since she gets so much practice. But a look at the record shows that she doesn't even accomplish much while a-settin'.

Is it then to be stated that sitting on a cushion and sewing flouncing petticoats has made Miz Dixie-Belle slightly anemic, faintly vapid, except in the amorous arts? No, for even this bubble has burst.

The portraits of Southern Womanhood provided by the South's own blunt-speaking Tennessee Williams, have left some doubt about the vaunted sexiness of Dixie daughters. His "Baby Doll" was a pathetic creature so full of unsatisfied repressions that it took but moments for a foreign-born "wop" to put her in a boudoir-minded state and then leave her whimpering for fulfillment. The affliction of nymphomania, perhaps a byproduct of the inadequacy of the South's sons, finds Blanche a willing bedmate for any traveling salesman in "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Certainly our little lady is a mess of conflicts and the South's most literate lady, Lillian Smith, has described her problems quite accurately as well as intimately. Miss Smith would have us know that beneath the peekaboo blouses rages a conflict between a fierce amorousness (which life near the tropics is reputed to produce so profusely) and a rigorous fundamentalist, Bible-belt morality, with hourly prohibitions against sins of the flesh. Indeed, it would seem that the organdy of Miz D-B's gown is symbolic, not only in its come-hither-while-I-sic-a-preacher-on-you appeal but also in its hands-off prickliness.

In *Strange Fruit*, Tracy's mother, symbol of Southern white womanhood, turns out to be "a good wife to Tut, submitting to his embraces quietly, without protest—though that part of marriage seemed to Alma a little unclean and definitely uncomfortable." On another page, Harriet tells Tracy that her mother spent an hour nightly getting ready for bed. "What did they do it for, Tracy wondered, what did they expect after they went to bed? Not a thing."

"You see," Harriet explained, "after a time, down South, there was a migration. Sex left its old habitat and moved to a woman's face."

The evidence demonstrates that atop the pedestal sleeps a beruffled, immature female, vital to the battered ego of the Southern male, but far from what she's cracked up to be. And if any Dixie cavalier wants to make something of it, shall it be pistols, rapiers or slingshots on the field of honor?





DUKE'S MALE TALES

IT WAS a quiet afternoon in a Birmingham bar and the Negro bartender was alone when a tall, willowy, well-dressed blonde flounced it, propped herself in a booth and haughtily ordered a Scotch on the rocks. The bartender made up the drink and brought it from behind the bar to the booth.

The blonde pulled out a snub-nosed .32 automatic, pointed it at his head and coldly ordered him: "Come here and make love to me."

Under the threat of being killed, the barkeep complied. As the blonde gradually relaxed under his expert ministrations, the gun fell with a loud clatter from her outstretched hand. The bartender looked up and shouted: "Hey woman, pick up that damn gun; somebody might come in here and see us!"

THERE'S a fruit market on Chicago's South Side just off South Parkway where the proprietor is quite a philosopher about his wares. Watching the slick cats along the avenue, he notes that the apple of the average man's eye is usually the prettiest peach with the biggest pear.

AN AGING bon vivant who had found himself unable to meet the demands of the curvaceous twentyish cutie he was sponsoring agreed to take her advice and see the masseur at a vitality rejuvenation clinic newly opened in town. The clinic had advertised that old and wrinkled skin could be made youthful, firm and smooth again through its revolutionary process of tightening. The old codger took a flyer in the hope of finding his lost youth.

The masseur began at his feet and massaged the flabby, droopy flesh headward until the epidemis was taut.

Whereupon he gathered the excess flesh atop the old man's head and bound it in a knot.

Upon calling on his lady love that evening, Pops was delighted by her reaction. "Daddykins," she squealed, "you look perfectly wonderful. And that dimple in your chin is the most."

"That's no dimple honey," Pops explained to her. "That's my navel. And if you raise my tie, you'll get the surprise of your life."

IT WAS one of those bars in Harlem that have become the haunt of gay chaps looking for company of the same sex. It was a dull afternoon and business was bad. There was just one lad at the bar when a salesman popped in. He had just signed up a big order at a nearby store and wanted to celebrate. He told the bartender to fix up a whiskey sour and make an extra for the lounge in the corner. The drink was gulped down in a hurry and the salesman called out: "I'll have another but this time leave out the fruit."

The lad at the end of the bar, still sipping his drink, shrieked: "You wretch, you. I didn't ask for a drink in the first place."

A WOULD-BE WOLF rushed into a drugstore to make a hurried purchase, his usual precautionary measure before going on any date. With much relish he described to the druggist the girl he was going to visit.

Arriving at her home, he was introduced to her parents. He immediately surprised all by saying: "I guess if we're going to church, we might as well get started."

Out in the street, the girl angrily berated him: "What was that all for. When did you become so religious that you're

going to take me to church. I never suspected that of you."

"Neither did I," was his response. "And neither did I suspect that your father is a druggist."

IT WAS on a bus heading for the campus of a Southern Negro college. One of the male students was working on a crossword puzzle and having some difficulty. He scratched his head, obviously puzzled, and a coed who was sitting next to him offered to help him.

"Well, it's a four letter word," he explained. "I think I have the answer but it doesn't seem right. It ends with IT and it's found on the bottom of a bird cage. Another clue is the governor is full of it."

After a moment's pause, the coed smiled. "Oh, I know what it is. That must be grit."

"I guess you're right. Do you have a pencil with an eraser?"

THE TALL, handsome brownskin colored man stepped out of his Cadillac and walked into one of Atlanta's most exclusive hotel bars where Negroes are banned automatically. As the stunned whites in the place watched him, he walked up to the bar and ordered the startled bartender: "Mix me a martini."

Said the bartender gruffly: "What the hell you doing at this bar? Don't you know we don't serve nigras here?"

Replied the colored man: "I'm no nigma, I'm a Spaniard!"

The bartender hesitated, looked at the man again, then mixed the drink. Returning with it, he also brought his gun and pointed it at the Negro. "Say something in Spanish," he barked menacingly.

The colored chap downed the martini, wiped his lips on an embroidered handkerchief, hissed: "Adios, mother. Adios!"

A FARM WIFE outside of Birmingham had been coming to city hospital every year to give birth regularly to a child. After her tenth trip to the hospital, the nurse helped her dress to go back to the farm. "Well, I suppose we'll be seeing you again next year as usual," said the nurse.

"No, ma'am," said the mother of ten, "My husband and I just found out what's been causing it."





Return To Lavinia

She could not but wonder — would Phil still be her lover after his honeymoon?

by **ERSKINE CALDWELL**

AT FIRST she did not know what had awakened her. She was not certain whether it had been a noise somewhere about the house, or whether it was the metallike burning of her feverish skin. By the time her eyes were fully open she could hear a bedlam of crowing, the sounds coming from every direction. For an hour at midnight the roosters crowed continually; from the chicken yards in town and from the farms surrounding the town, the sounds filled the flat country with an almost unbearable din.

Lavinia sat up in bed, wide awake after three hours of fitful sleep. She pressed the palms of her hands against her ears to shut out the crowing, but even that did not help any. She could still hear the sounds no matter what she did to stop it.

"I'll never be able to go to sleep again," she said, holding her hands tight to the side of her head. "I might as well stop trying."

When she looked up, there was a light shining through the rear windows and doors. The illumination spread over the back porch and cast a pale moonlike glow over the walls of her room. She sat tensely awake, holding her breath while she listened.

Presently the screen door at the end of the hall opened, squeaked shrilly, and slammed shut. She shivered while the small electric fan on the edge of her dresser whirled with a monotonous drone. In her excitement she clutched her shoulders in her arms, still shivering while the fan blew a steady stream of sultry air against her back and neck.

The footsteps became inaudible for a moment, then distinct. She would know them no matter where she heard them. For three years she had heard them, night and days

"Phil, did you have a good time on your honeymoon?"

since she was fifteen. Some footsteps changed from year to year; strides increased, strides decreased; leather-and-nail heels were changed to rubber, heel-and-toe treads became flat-footed shufflings; most foot-steps changed, but his had remained the same during all that time.

Phil Glenn crossed the porch to the kitchen, the room next to hers, and snapped on the light. She shivered convulsively in the fan draft, gasping for breath in the sultry air.

Through the wall she could hear him open the icebox, chip off several chunks of ice, and drop them into a tumbler. When he dropped the lid of the icebox and crossed to the spigot, she could hear the flow of water until the tumbler filled and overflowed. Everything he did, every motion he made, was taking place before her eyes as plainly as if she were standing beside him while he chipped the ice and filled the tumbler to overflowing.

When he had finished, he turned off the light and went back out on the porch. He stood there, his handkerchief in hand, wiping his face and lips spasmodically while he listened as intently as she was listening.

There was a sound of someone else's walking in the front of the house. It was an unfamiliar sound, a sound that both of them heard and listened to for the first time.

When she could bear it no longer, Lavinia threw herself back upon the bed, covering her face with the pillow. No matter how hard she tried, she could not keep from sobbing into the pillow. As regularly as midnight came, she had cried like that every night since he had been away.

The next thing she knew, he was sitting on the edge of her bed trying to say something to her. She could not understand a word he was saying. Even after she had sat up again, she still did not know what it was. Long after he had stopped speaking, she stared at his features in the pale glow of reflected light. She tried to think of something either of them would have to say.

"We just got back," he said.

After he had spoken, she laughed at herself for not having known he would say exactly that.

"We went down to the beach for a few days when we left here," he finished.

Lavinia stared at him while she wondered what he expected her to say by way of comment or reply.

All she could do was nod her head. "I thought I told you where we were going, but after I left I remembered I hadn't. If we hadn't been halfway there, I'd have turned around and come back to tell you. I wouldn't want you to think—"

She laughed.

"I wouldn't want you to think—" he said over again.

Lavinia threw her head back and laughed out loud.

"Well, anyway," she said, "it was a mighty short honeymoon. But it was nice on the beach."

She laughed again, but the sound of her laughter was all but drowned out in the drone of the electric fan.

"It was just what you would expect," he said casually.

The electric fan was blowing her gown against her back with rippling motions. She moved sidewise to the fan so that nothing would prevent her from hearing every word he said. After she had settled down, he crossed his legs.

"I guess it's going to be all right," he said, looking through the window and back again at her. "It'll be all right."

Before he had finished, both of them turned to listen to the sound of footsteps in the front of the house. The sound echoed through the night.

In the closeness of the room, Lavinia could feel his heavy breathing vibrate the air. She wanted to say something to him, but she was afraid. She did not know what she could say. If she said the wrong thing, it would be a lot worse than not saying anything. She held her breath in perplexity.

He got up, went to the window, looked out into the darkness for a moment, and came back to stand beside her. She could feel him looking down at her even though she could not see him distinctly in the shadow he made when his back was to the door. She had to restrain herself from reaching out to feel if he were there beside her.

"Hannah is quite a girl," he said finally, laughing a little to hide his uneasiness.

She knew he would have to say something like that sooner or later. It was the only way to get it over with. After that she waited for him to go on.

"We'll get along all right," he said. "There won't be any trouble."

She shook her hair in the draft of the fan. All at once the fan seemed as if it were going faster than ever. The draft became stronger, the whirring sound rose in volume to an ear-splitting pitch, and her shoulders shook involuntarily in the fan's chill breeze.

"I thought I would have a hard time of it," he said, "but now that it's over, it wasn't half as bad as I thought it was going to be. We'll get along all right."

Lavinia reached out and found his hand in the dark. He sat down on the side of the bed while she tried to think what to say.

"What's the matter, Lavinia?" he asked her. "What's wrong?"

"Let me go, Phil," she begged, beginning to cry in her soft deep voice. "I want to go."

He shook his head unmistakably.

"I couldn't let you go now, Lavinia," he said earnestly. "We agreed about that before this business took place the other day. You promised me. If I hadn't believed you would keep your promise, I wouldn't have gone ahead and done it."

"Please, Phil," she begged, crying brokenly until her soft deep voice filled the room. "Please let me go."

He kept on shaking his head, refusing to listen to her. Suddenly, there rose once more the bedlam of crowing

that lasted for an hour in intermittent bursts every midnight. Neither of them tried to say anything while the crowing was at its height.

After several minutes the drone of the fan and the sobs in her breast drowned out the roosters' crowing.

"I've got to go, Phil," she said, holding back her sobs while she spoke.

"I can't let you go," he said. "I just can't let you go, Lavinia."

She stopped crying and sat up more erectly, almost on her knees. He gazed at her wonderingly.

"I'm a nigger, Phil," she said slowly. "I'm a nigger—a cooking, cleaning, washing nigger."

"Shut up, Lavinia!" he said, shaking her until she was in pain. "Shut up, do you hear?"

"I am, and you know I am," she cried. "I'm a nigger—a cooking, cleaning, washing nigger—just like all the rest are."

She brushed the tears from her eyes and tried to look at him clearly in the half-light. She could see his deep, serious expression and she knew he meant every word he had said.

"You'll get over it in a few days," he told her. "Just wait a while and see if everything doesn't turn out just like I say it will."

"You know what I am, though," she said uncontrollably.

"Shut up, Lavinia!" he said, shaking her some more. "You're not! You're a white girl with colored blood—and little of that. Any of us might be like that. I have colored blood in me, for all I know. Even *she* might have some."

He jerked his head toward the front of the house. Forgetting everything else momentarily, they both listened for a while. There was no sound whatever coming from that part of the building.

"She'll order me around just like she would anybody else," Lavinia said. "She'll treat me like the blackest washwoman you ever saw. She'll be as mean to me as she knows how, just to keep me in my place. She'll even call me 'nigger' sometimes."

"You're just excited now," he said. "It won't be like that tomorrow. You know as well as I do that I don't care what you are. Even if you looked like a colored girl, I wouldn't care. But you don't look like one—you look like a golden girl. That's all there is to it. If she ever says anything different, just don't pay any attention to her."

"She'll keep me in my place," Lavinia said. "I don't mind staying in my place, but I can't live here and have her tell me about it a dozen times a day. I want to go. I am going."

Phil got up, went to the door, and closed it. He came back and stood beside her.

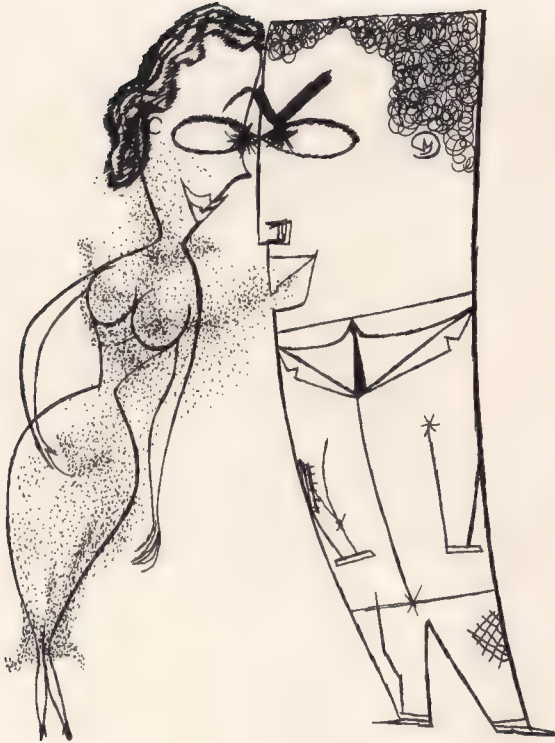
"You're going to stay here, Lavinia," he said firmly. "If anybody goes, she'll have to go. I mean that."

Lavinia lay back on the pillow, closing her eyes and breathing deeply. She would rather have heard him say that than anything else he had said that night. She had been waiting five days

(Continued on Page 61)

NURSERY

RHYMES



What are little squares made of?
What are little squares made of?
Words of honey and very little money
That's what little squares are made of.

scribed by DAN BURLEY

splashed by BILL NEEBE

IN JIVE



What are little chicks made of?
What are little chicks made of?
Bumps and rumps and minks from chumps
That's what little chicks are made of.



Mary blew a little gauge
In circles big and round
And everywhere that Mary went
Her pumps were off the ground!

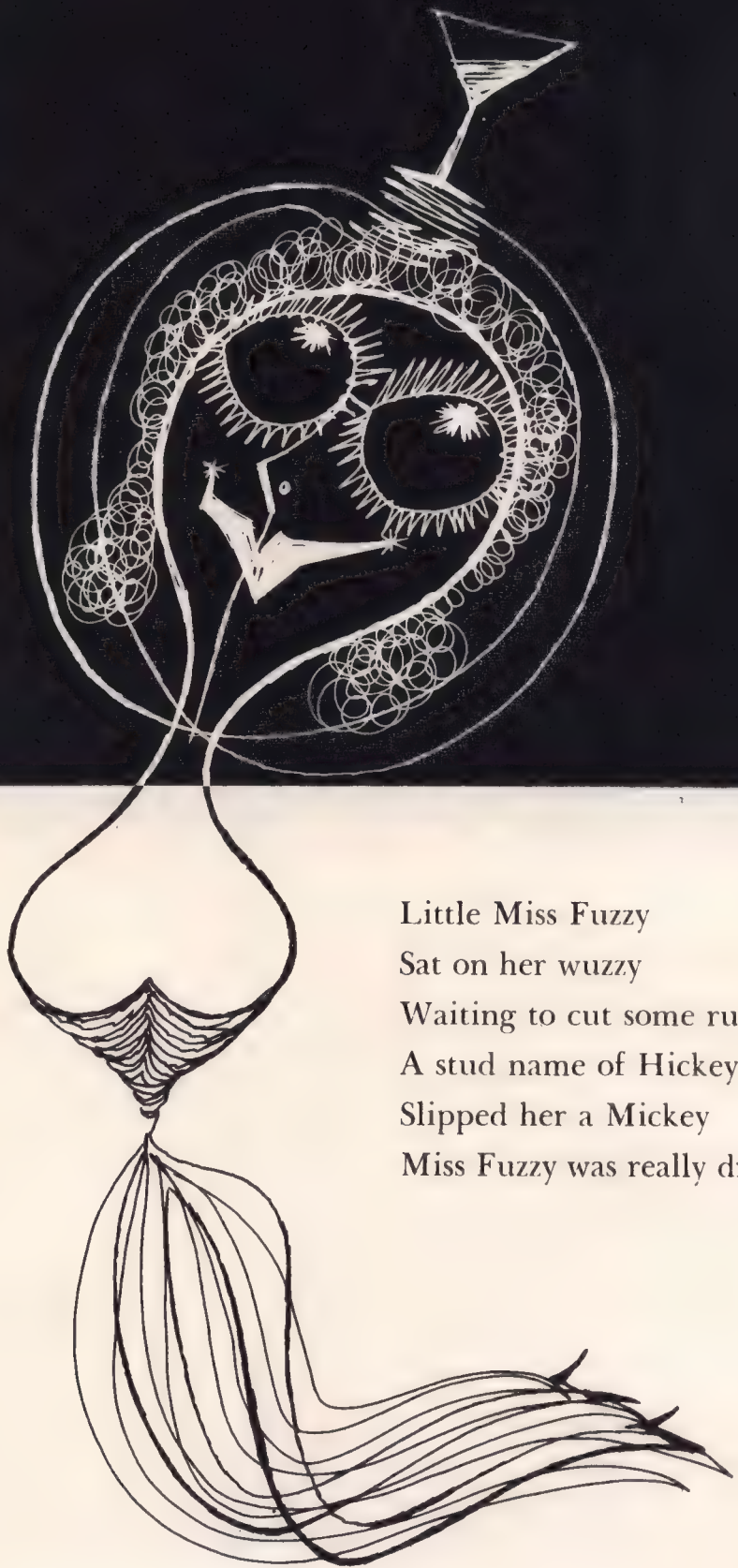


Little Jack Woogie
Was doing the boogie
And asked Miss Fuzzy to dance
He did a fast break
The chocolate shake
And the cuffs came off
of his pants.



Old King Bud
Was a rotten old stud
A rotten old stud I mean
He sent for his chicks
He sent for his broads
And locked up his big fat queen.





Little Miss Fuzzy
Sat on her wuzzy
Waiting to cut some rug
A stud name of Hickey
Slipped her a Mickey
Miss Fuzzy was really drug.

do?" (She had been doing it all the time.) Niel answered, "You know how much business I got to take care of. You want that every night I should use myself up sleeping with you? What about the other girls? I got to take care of them too. You think I got five of those things?"

She got hot, argued. Kept turning her look on me, like I was the cause of her not seeing him.

All of a sudden she tore at me with her fingernails. Grabbed at my hair. Pulled me right out of the car before I knew what was happening.

I fell all over the fender. Came down on the curb wondering what hit.

Niel, he was jumping on her and giving her hell.

He got me back in the car. I was bleeding. We rolled up a few blocks. He met a couple of his other girls and he told them what Manna did. "You go get Manna and beat the hell out of her. Tell her to go back to her station."

Niel told me they would get her in the back of some saloon and pull her apart worse than she did me.

I said, "This the kind of a mess you want to bring me into?" He said not often anything went wrong.

He was just like any other businessman that sold furniture, clothes, or silverware. Would stop his girls along the street and use language like "customer," "working," "trade," "business." He said to one girl, "Don't do that again. We don't give credit to nobody. A guy that's broke, he don't deserve to do it to a sheep."

If a girl wasn't bringing in the right money, he might give her a lick across the side of the face and say, 'Get up off your butt and get out get me some money. I can't live off this.' That girl, she'd say she was sorry and do better the next time. Maybe say she wasn't feeling good. "Well, goddammit, if you sick, I take you to a doctor. If you need a rest, I give you a rest. But don't give me this stuff of only handing me a hundred dollars when you supposed to get two hundred." Such a girl would go get some big money for Niel because she'd be afraid he'd drop her. If he dropped her, she would have to go it alone in the streets. That was small pickings. Dangerous, too, because you might pick up a plain-clothes and maybe go to jail or have to split your take with him.

This girl—all those girls Niel had—they wanted him. He was the nearest thing to one man these girls had. All twenty-seven of them. Each girl, she wanted to belong to somebody. Men that buy her, they don't want none of her beyond what they buy. They not going to marry her kind so quick. Not even going to be seen out public with her. They will call her a goddamn whore. She wants to belong to someone, even if it's only this pimp.

A girl got sick, Niel got her a doctor. Maybe paid for an operation. If the doctor said she couldn't no more be a prostitute, Niel let her go in a smooth way. "You been a good girl. You can't

work no more. You go back to your people. When you get well, you come back in with me. Here's a few hundred bucks. I send you more." But he wouldn't take her back. He might send her some money, drop her gradually. That way he was better than some pimps.

Niel, he got his whole stable together the same way he tried to get me. Treated his girls good, made love to them, gave them that line of talk, took them out of their small rooms for rides down around Central Park South and Park Avenue. Showed them big flashy apartments. Niel, he could get apartments when nobody else could get them. Girls, white or black, they would go for a line like that, from white or colored pimps. He had a waiting list of girls ready to join his stable. But he didn't want it to get any bigger than he could handle.

I looked at these girls. They was like me before Niel picked them up, Negroes or from white poor. Too much work or no work. Sick of waitress pay and rent-worry. Tired of scuffling, low living, and want to live high awhile, go in a big car, wear a fur.

It all kept pulling at me. A woman like me, been through the mill, and still young enough to get into all that, it's a temptation to go and do it. It look like it's the highroad.

I asked Niel why he didn't have no Buick or Plymouth, but had to have Cadillac.

He called me dumb again. And which I was. "Don't you know I don't have to fight to get me a Cadillac? Once I can lay down the money for it, Cadillac is going to take it. And they don't make them better than Cadillac. I can't go with my money into them swanky clubs. I can't buy no house in no white neighborhood. I can't go to Miami Beach. I can't get to be mayor—but I can buy me a Cadillac—and they even thanks me when I lays down the money. Most places I want to go, my bills are black, not green. Can be Lincoln's picture on that bill, even God's, but some places won't take it. They might just look at your green bills and to them it's black."

Cadillac, that's the trade-mark of the pimp, white or black, that does good business. Plenty of people, not pimps, got Cadillacs, but the pimp got to have

that or he can't get the right good-looking girl into his stable. It ain't enough when he give some girl like me a line, "What's turning a trick so important? Hell, after you dead, it's in the ground and no more any good. You be laying there dead regretting you never used it when you had the chance." He got to be saying that while you and he cruising along Central Park West in that Cadillac.

Niel, he kept talking how dumb I was. "Don't you know Ike Eisenhower can't pay no more for his car than me? And if we was going side by side on a two-lane highway I might could get out ahead of the President's chauffeur. They don't have no Jim Crow lane in the roads for us black driving cars. We just stays on the right side like the white."

Niel, he got the equal feeling when he in his Cadillac.

By Niel taking me around, I saw how the law covered up on all his kind of business. You need a cop for something real all over Harlem, or around the edges of Harlem, you never get him. That's because copper, he's busy shaking down the Negroes, the street women white and black, the dopies, racket men, and businessmen. People's hand so busy passing out money to the law that most black goes around with sprained wrists. You pay on-the-law in the courts if you brought in, off-the-law in private if you ready to make a deal.

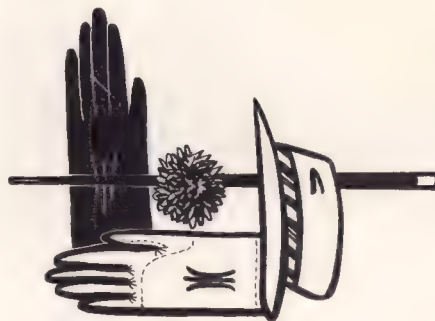
Crap games, they go on all over. White and black in them, and cop be in the game too. If he's a regular sport he'll take and lay his gun down when he shoots crap with a gang. That mean he won't use it. But Niel told me, "I deal with them but never trust them. A cop that shake you down, he'll shoot you down." Even a pimp know when you cover yourself with cotton you shouldn't get too near a fire.

I was in with Niel but wasn't letting him sell me. I knew myself, I didn't feel evil. These poor hypsters and scufflers, whores, they wasn't evil either. It's just so many people in Harlem working, bringing money in there. The rest got no jobs, got to live off what money brought into Harlem by those that's working, got to hype it away from them. The street girls, it wasn't in them to do what they did any more as it was in me to go and make cash dollars for Niel.

I been going around with Niel three or four months. He been patient with me, but putting on a lot of deep sugar for me to go to work for him. Paid out to me quite a few hundred dollars I sent South. I wondered could I just keep from going into his stable.

One day, when he couldn't make no headway with me, he said, "God damn you, woman, you get the hell out of this car before I calls a couple of my girls and they beat you up worse than Manna did. You done gave me a goddamn good rooking, after I been so good to you. You womens, you got no goddamn appreciation of a good man when you finds him."

I just about fell out of his car. ✓



Once strictly
for milady,
hair dryer has
been appropriated
by males to become
symbol of
ultimate in
hair styling.

EVOLUTION OF THE CONK



*Our menfolk now have beauty parlors,
but don't dare call them that*

by **DAN BURLEY**

THERE WAS the time when the barbershop was a male hangout where you argued baseball, who was going to be the next President, whether a Georgia sheriff is rougher on those of color than his counterpart in Louisiana. You spent long hours sitting in a chair against a wall decorated with pinup calendars, framed biblical quotations and flyspecks while waiting for your turn in the upright chair.

Most barbers used hand clippers and scissors. When they got through giving you sideburns, "pompadours" or a "trim," they'd ask assuredly: "Tonic?" You'd say yes mechanically and you got a dose which he rubbed briskly into your scalp, giving it a tingling sensation as the alcohol burned in. Feeling good, you gave him a dime tip for a 50 cent haircut and headed home for your stocking cap.

But just you wander into almost any barbershop today. You'll think you're either in a ladies' beauty parlor or a chemical laboratory. The simple storefront of yesterday has been junked along with the 50-cent haircut, two bit shave, untaxed earnings and two buck assignation houses.

There's a battery of giant hair dryers and an intricate tangle of shampooing equipment, marcel irons and electric combs. When you climb into the chair, the difference is all the more startling.

Ash trays are built into the arm rests. They're more plush than anything you may have at home. Behind your head is a built-in face basin with running hot and cold water, all part of this ingenious contraption so you won't have to get up and with towels and protective apron dragging and pulling between your knees, stumble toward the wall face basin as the barber guides your arm.

All of this is part of the evolution from conk to process hair.

Time was when the odd sight of a normal male adult under one of those big beauty parlor hair dryers would have aroused grave suspicions as to his sexual proclivities. No doubt much whoop-de-doo would have been made of such la-dee-da behavior.

But seeing a lineup of our colored gentry having their locks treated under a hair dryers has become quite a familiar sight uptown of late. The hair dryer has become the symbol of the ultimate in hair styling.

Processed hair is here to stay—and the hair dryer once strictly for milady has been appropriated by males. So, too, has the concept of the beauty parlor. Today in most big cities, our menfolk have beauty parlors where they get the same treatment as the ladies, everything from a hair-do to a facial. But they don't dare admit they are beauty parlors.

They are grooming salons or studios.

But what happens to a man's morale when he goes through the mill at one of these shops is not unlike what happens to our lady friends at beauty parlors. It all adds up to massaging of vanity and ego.

There are those who insist the hair story began in Biblical times with King David's precept in the 23rd Psalm: "Thou anointest my head with oil." Certain it is that no Biblical saying had as much impact on our men, who currently spend no less than \$500 million a year in prettying their locks with a variety of greases. Dried oil, fried oil, thick like goo oil and thin like 2-in-1 oil—whatever it is, all of it adds up to a cult of the "anointed."

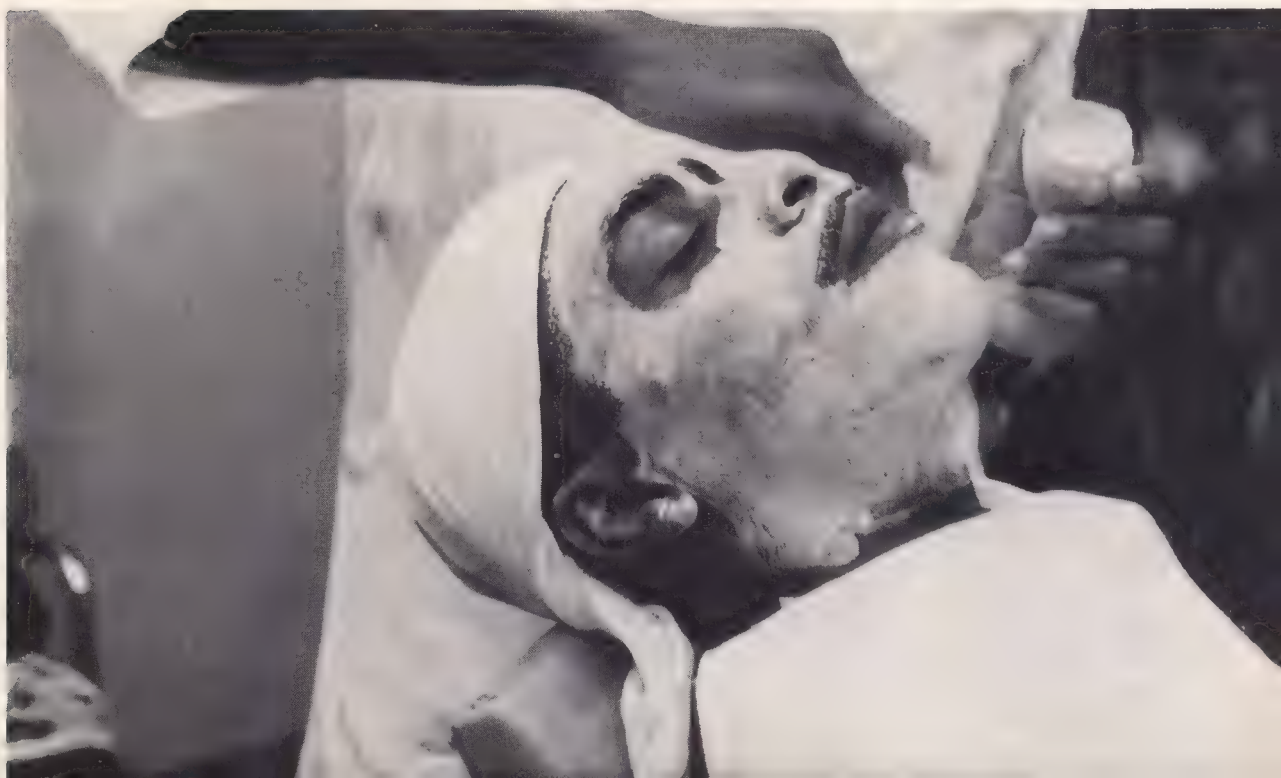
The care of hair has become virtually a ritual and the high priests are highly skilled barbers and female beauticians all dedicated to hair worship. And when the processing is over, the worshipper can look in a mirror and offer his "Amen" in the fashion of famed tap dancer Bill Bailey who once remarked while on stage at the Apollo Theater in Harlem with the spotlights beaming down on his highly-glossed head: "It used to be nappy. But it sure ain't no more!"

"Bad hair" has been made a thing of the past by modern science and a flock of new-fangled process parlors mushrooming across the nation. Certainly the most modern and ad-





Facials,
shampoos
and manicure
are now
routine
items in
barber
shops.





vanced of these is the ultra-ultra "My Man Grooming Studio" opened in Harlem in recent months by Rose Morgan, who formerly specialized solely in female glamour treatments. Rose, who also goes by the name of Mrs. Joe Louis, brought into the competition for the "male beauty trade" one of the country's most complete personal service shops. She offers such varied items as personality haircuts and shaping, hair coloring, manicures, facials, scalp treatments and special treatments for ingrown facial hairs.

There are, of course, quite a few other shops, among them Chicago's famed House of Nelson and Miller Frazer's Men's Salon, plus salons in Los Angeles, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and New York where Sugar Ray Robinson's Golden Gloves barbershop is justly famous.

These shops are a far cry from the stocking cap, which have long been standard equipment in hair care. Do-it-yourself is on its way out but at one time, every man had his private collection of anointments: oils, greases, waxes and other substances whose labels claimed such wild and unproven properties as forever ridding the hair of kinks, making it grow longer and "more luxuriant," feeding the scalp "healthful" substances to rid it of those "deadly scalp germs."

There in the loneliness of his room
(Continued on Page 70)

Final touches and a smiling glance in the mirror put a man in shape to face the outer world. Few leave "male beauty parlors" without dropping at least \$5, in contrast to usual bill of \$2 in old days.



SEX EDUCATION (Continued from Page 18)

fore the parole board to have my time set they made it one year. Judge Graves said, "Milton, do you know why you got such a light sentence? It's because of the way you acted toward your mother when she visited you."

On a cold February day in 1918 they gave me a prison-made suit (it cost me ten sacks of Bull Durham to keep the tailors from making one leg twice as long as the other), put a railroad coach ticket in my hand, and told me to go down to the Pontiac station and take a train to Chicago.

Riding the cushions on my way home made me think of another train ride I once took. It was right after the sinking of the big excursion boat, *The Eastland*, when over eight hundred people were drowned off a downtown pier in the Chicago River. We bought up a stack of photos of the disaster and hopped a freight to St. Louis for a little adventure, fixing to pay our way by selling the pictures as we bummed around. When we hit Cape Girardeau, Mo., dirty from riding the rails and dark-complexioned to begin with, we fell into a lunch-counter to knock out some vittles. For a long time the waiter igged us, while all the other customers kept gunning us with their eyes. Finally the owner came over to us and said, "Where the hell did you come from? We don't serve niggers in here." We were given the bum's rush to the sidewalk, our breadbaskets empty and our nerves jumping. In small towns we hit after that, whenever we saw a sign saying "Nigger don't let the sun shine on your head" we knew it meant us too, although we didn't know why.

That experience began to mean a lot to me when I thought it over on my way home from Pontiac. We were Jews, but in Cape Girardeau they had told us we were Negroes. Now, all of a sudden, I realized that I agreed with them. That's what I learned in Pontiac. The Southerners had called me a "nigger-lover" there. Solid. I not only loved those colored boys, but I was one of them—I felt closer to them than I felt to the whites, and I even got the same treatment they got.

By the time I reached home, I knew that I was going to spend all my time from then on sticking close to Negroes. They were my kind of people. And I was going to learn their music and play it for the rest of my days. I was going to be a musician, a Negro musician, hipping the world about the blues the way only Negroes can. I didn't know how the hell I was going to do it, but I was straight on what I had to do.

Most of my skullbusters got solved at The School. I went in there green but I came out chocolate brown.

It was George Turner, the gambler, who steered me to the South Side and my millennium. One night, when we were drinking in a saloon after a crap game, George buzzed the bartender and asked for the key to the piano in the back room. I didn't pay him much mind when he disappeared. In those

days every beer joint had a player piano with that mandolin effect, sometimes with drums and cymbals that played automatically as the roll wound around. I thought George was going to knock out some of the usual corn.

But a minute later I was sprinting for the back room. George had unlocked the piano and was playing the blues as though he was born in the gallion. Where did he ever learn this music? He must have been in jail, I thought. There didn't seem to be any other place where a man could latch on to that kind of music.

I stood by that beat-up old tinklebox in a hypnotic state, like a bird charmed by a snake. This music gave me a mental orgasm—I couldn't have felt closer to this man if he'd been my own father. When he was finished I asked him did he know the *Sweet Baby Blues*. He was so tickled to find that I went for the blues, he almost fell off the piano stool. "No kidding, Milton, do you like this music?" he said. "Come on, I'm going to take you where you'll really hear a lot of it." Five of us piled into a cab and cut out for the colored district on the South Side.

The first place we dug was the De Luxe Café at 35th and State, above the saloon and billiard parlor of the same name. We had to wait outside in line because there was standing room only, but finally the headwaiter at the top of the stairs snapped his fingers and the doorman let us in. As we took our seats near the bandstand, a light-skinned red-headed girl was circling around the dance floor wrapping up a song that went like this: "It takes a long, tall, brown-skin gal to make a preacher lay his Bible down." The way she explained it, I could see exactly what bothered that preacher. Every time she shouted the word *lo-ong*, the gal she was singing about stretched another foot. Right after that she sang another lowdown blues:

*Leave me be your side track, poppa,
Till your main line comes,
Leave me be your side track, poppa,
Till your main line comes,
I can do better switchin'*

Than your main line ever done.

After listening to one chorus of that number I decided that girl could run my locomotive down her side track any old time.

The next blues she went to work on had the same kind of down-to-earth, simple story in it that always excited me so much. Even then the popular songs of the day were so full of sentimental foolishness, they made you feel the whole goddamned world was turned into a mess of love-sick calves. And when you tried to cut loose from this fog of romantic trash by running to the white cafés, you found vocalists there who acted like they were on leave from a whorehouse. The way the white singers tried to deliver their message of sex was tough and brutal and called for two bucks on the line. Twinkle didn't come on with that jive. She sang:

Baby, see that spider climbin' on that wall,

Baby, see that spider climbin' on that wall,

He's goin' up there for to get his ashes hauled.

How many whites would ever think of making sex as downright simple and hygienic as getting your ashbin cleaned out?

The crowd went wild over Twinkle and she had to keep on giving encores, but when Alberta Hunter hit the floor singing "He may be you man but he comes up to see me sometime," the house came down. Alberta kept working her way around the floor, stopping to sing a chorus at each table, so that by the time she was through she'd gone over the one song ten or fifteen times, giving it a new twist every time. "Sing it, you sweet cow!" some fellow shouted from the table next to ours. The chick that was with him capped this with "Yeah baby, he can't help it, it's the way you do it." Across the floor a stout brown-skinned woman yelled, "Aaaww, sing it baby," throwing her hands over her head and snapping her fingers on the offbeat. Alberta really sent that audience singing *Some Sweet Day*.

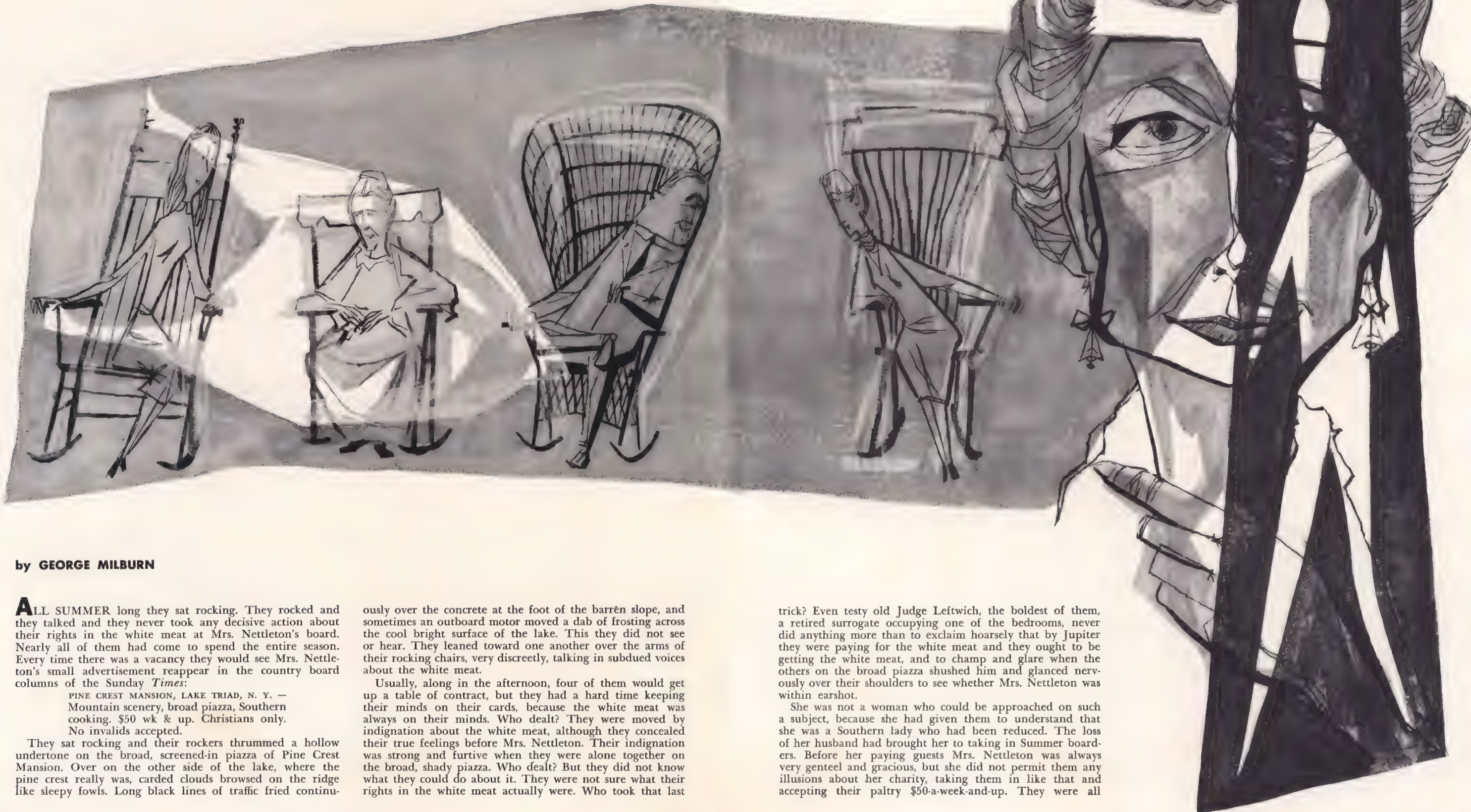
What hit me about Twinkle, Alberta, and another fine singer in the place named Florence Mills, was their grace and their dignified, relaxed attitude. Florence, petite and demure, just stood at ease and sang like a humming bird. A lot of white vocalists, even some with the big name bands today, are either as stiff as a stuffed owl or else they go through more wringing and twisting than a shake dancer, doing grinds and bumps all over the place, throwing it around the way it should be thrown around in only one place, which isn't a public dancehall.

A good colored singer doesn't have to wrap her sex in a package and peddle it to the customers like a cootch dancer in a sideshow. She seldom goes in for the nympho kick—she can take it easy and be more genuine, because she isn't doing any high-pressure selling. The music really moves her, and she passes it on to the audience with the lazy way she handles her body. To me there's more natural suggestion in the snap of a colored singer's fingers than you get from all the acrobatic routines of these so-called "hot" singers.

The most action a solid Negro singer will give you is a subdued touch of the boogie, hardly moving anything closer to home than her index fingers. Most of the time she'll just stand still and concentrate on putting real meaning and feeling into the song itself. A woman who really knows how to sing and means it can make your love come down even if she's buried in a block of cement up to her neck—all she needs are healthy vocal chords and a soul, not a chassis with the seven-years'-itch. Most white singers made me feel their message was full of larceny, but when I heard these songbirds at the De Luxe I almost blew my top. Sex was all clean and simple and good, the way it came out of them.

white meat

*Why did Mrs. Nettleton
and her daughters always
pass up the dark meat?*



by **GEORGE MILBURN**

ALL SUMMER long they sat rocking. They rocked and they talked and they never took any decisive action about their rights in the white meat at Mrs. Nettleton's board. Nearly all of them had come to spend the entire season. Every time there was a vacancy they would see Mrs. Nettleton's small advertisement reappear in the country board columns of the *Sunday Times*:

PINE CREST MANSION, LAKE TRIAD, N. Y. —
Mountain scenery, broad piazza, Southern
cooking. \$50 wk & up. Christians only.
No invalids accepted.

They sat rocking and their rockers thrummed a hollow undertone on the broad, screened-in piazza of Pine Crest Mansion. Over on the other side of the lake, where the pine crest really was, carded clouds browsed on the ridge like sleepy fowls. Long black lines of traffic fried continu-

ously over the concrete at the foot of the barren slope, and sometimes an outboard motor moved a dab of frosting across the cool bright surface of the lake. This they did not see or hear. They leaned toward one another over the arms of their rocking chairs, very discreetly, talking in subdued voices about the white meat.

Usually, along in the afternoon, four of them would get up a table of contract, but they had a hard time keeping their minds on their cards, because the white meat was always on their minds. Who dealt? They were moved by indignation about the white meat, although they concealed their true feelings before Mrs. Nettleton. Their indignation was strong and furtive when they were alone together on the broad, shady piazza. Who dealt? But they did not know what they could do about it. They were not sure what their rights in the white meat actually were. Who took that last

trick? Even testy old Judge Leftwich, the boldest of them, a retired surrogate occupying one of the bedrooms, never did anything more than to exclaim hoarsely that by Jupiter they were paying for the white meat and they ought to be getting the white meat, and to champ and glare when the others on the broad piazza shushed him and glanced nervously over their shoulders to see whether Mrs. Nettleton was within earshot.

She was not a woman who could be approached on such a subject, because she had given them to understand that she was a Southern lady who had been reduced. The loss of her husband had brought her to taking in Summer boarders. Before her paying guests Mrs. Nettleton was always very genteel and gracious, but she did not permit them any illusions about her charity, taking them in like that and accepting their paltry \$50-a-week-and-up. They were all

Northerners, so they could appreciate her attitude. Mrs. Nettleton made her large mouth rather small when she talked and she often prefaced her remarks with a soft little *oo-wup-uh!* and, while she did not use a lorgnette, she had a way of holding her eyebrows high and her neck arched that always made her guests feel as if she were looking at them through a lorgnette. So they would have no more complained to Mrs. Nettleton about the white meat than they would have suggested to her that she shave off her sparse, colorless whiskers. Mrs. Nettleton was not a woman with whom one could be impulsive. But for all that there was dissatisfaction among the boarders, even though it always remained a velleity.

And they rocked and they talked and there was only one topic of moment. The only thing that broke the monotony of the long bright Summer days was the arrival of the mail, or, at infrequent intervals, the arrival of a new guest from the city, a spinster school-teacher or a mother-in-law shipped off for a vacation. The initiation was usually accomplished in a day or two of guarded conversation, and the routine would be scarcely ruffled.

Soon after lunch Oscar, the house boy, would climb into the station wagon and coast off down the crunching drive. Thirty minutes later the train whistle would echo mournfully through the valley and Oscar would come jouncing back up the hill in a spray of gravel, bearing the mail. Mrs. Nettleton subscribed privately for the New York Times and the Atlanta Constitution, and she would retire to her bedroom with her newspapers. When tea-time came she would come back out on the broad piazza, twiddling her spectacles and rustling her crumpled newspaper, ready with her comment on current events. This digest of the day's news was an office that Mrs. Nettleton performed with a full sense of her responsibility and she made her opinions unequivocal and absolute.

"Oo-wup-uh!" Mrs. Nettleton would say, putting down her spectacles and the untidy roll of newspapers and assuming her pouring position by the tea table. "Ah see by the Constitution whuh they attended to anothuh negrah in Miss'ippi last Sad'dy. Lemon, Mis' Chambahs? Well, it wouldn' bothah me none if they wiped them all out, the black scounduls. Is it *you* that don' take sugah, Judge Leftwich?"

Mrs. Nettleton was obsessed with a great bitterness toward the entire black race, and she was fond of introducing racial news at these informal little afternoon discussions. When the cool breezes were blowing at Pine Crest Mansion the dog days were wearing on in the Southland, and Mrs. Nettleton's newspaper kept her supplied with brief reports of the current Negro hunts. These were items about which Mrs. Nettleton could be most voluble.

She often reported, with a trilling little laugh, a conversation she had once in New York City. "And he says to me, 'How do you stand on the negrah

question, Mis' Nettleton?' and Ah laughs and says to him, 'Mah deah suh, Ah didn't know they *was* a negrah question until Ah come Nawth and seen negrah bucks ridin' settin' down in the subway when white ladies was standin' up'."

Southerners did not come to Pine Crest Mansion. Her guests were New Yorkers, the firmest respecters of the Southern tradition. Occasionally, of course, there arrived one of those intrepid Yankees who would be pleased to flout Southern womanhood by taking issue with Mrs. Nettleton. But these regrettable encounters were rare and Mrs. Nettleton always acted with great calm and dispatch. Then the other boarders would anticipate seeing her small advertisement reappear in the Sunday Times and the amicable atmosphere of Pine Crest Mansion would be restored.

The Summer boarders were not puzzled by Mrs. Nettleton's unusual virulence against Negroes. They had their own explanation for it. It was whispered among them that her husband had been murdered by a Negro. The boarders' rumors described Mrs. Nettleton's husband as having been removed in a variety of ways, but it was always accomplished by a Negro. They sympathized with her even when, among themselves, they did not feel that they could go all the way with her in her attitude toward colored folks. But when one has suffered, they agreed, it makes a difference.

Mrs. Nettleton talked about her husband at great length, but she confirmed none of these rumors about the manner of his death. All of the boarders, however, were convinced that he had met it at the hands of a Negro, even though Mrs. Nettleton had never told them so. The reverent tone in which she spoke of him, at least, made him a man definitely and remotely dead.

"Why!" she told some favored female guests one day, rolling her eyes and talking back of her hand, "when Mr. Nettleton was alive Ah nevah so much as touched a slop-jah!"

She liked to recount the manly virtues that had shone in Mr. Nettleton as they can shine only in a Southern gentleman. True, he had been a gambling man and he had gambled all around, but Mr. Nettleton had been a sportsman, never a sport. Mrs. Nettleton made that distinction quite clear to her boarders. He had been a man of wealth, an owner of race horses. She often related how Mr. Nettleton had won Pine Crest Mansion on the turn of a single card one night at Saratoga. Easy come, easy go. After the gambling debts were paid in the best Southern tradition, and after the stables were sold, all that Mrs. Nettleton had left to her were her diamonds and Pine Crest Mansion and two small daughters.

Nowadays the daughters attended Barnard, finishing their educations. They always arrived at Pine Crest in June, not long after the first paying guests. They were two pretty brunettes, silent and well-behaved. They seldom

smiled and they spoke only when spoken to. If their Summer isolation from other young people made them unhappy, they never complained to the boarders. They appeared only at luncheon and dinner, and they maintained a bland aloofness that rather awed the elderly clientele at Pine Crest. In the Winter the three of them, the mother and her daughters, all lived together in a female residential club in West 122nd Street. Then in May Mrs. Nettleton, harbinger of Southern cooking and Summer ease, would set forth to reopen Pine Crest Mansion for another season.

Mrs. Nettleton usually talked on one or another of four topics when she presided at the dinner table. She liked to talk about her lamented husband, that handsome, dashing Southern gentleman from Atlanta. She liked to describe the opulence from which she and her two daughters had fallen when Mr. Nettleton had passed away. She enjoyed talking about the black race, talking very bitterly about the filthy, lustful brutes, expressing her hatred and scorn in the strongest words of abuse a Southern lady is permitted. But most of all Mrs. Nettleton liked to brag on her two daughters.

Agnes sat at Mrs. Nettleton's right and Irene sat at Mrs. Nettleton's left and all the paying guests sat ranged around the table listening to Mrs. Nettleton venerate Mr. Nettleton and regret her reduction and loathe negrahs and praise her two lovely daughters to their faces. Of all the girls at Barnard, Agnes and Irene were the most popular. Of all the girls at Barnard, Agnes and Irene made the highest grades, unless the professor happened to be partial. Agnes and Irene danced wonderfully. Agnes and Irene sang beautifully. Agnes and Irene had been remarkable babies and extraordinary small girls. Agnes and Irene wrote better themes than any of this stuff that gets published. Agnes and Irene were clever. Sometimes they got off the cutest things. In New York the suitors waited on Agnes and Irene single file.

Agnes and Irene sat looking down modestly at their untouched plates, two plump, pretty girls, sloe-eyed and shy. They never interrupted while their mother was talking, and they neither affirmed nor denied what she said about them. They sat toying delicately with their food. They ate very little at the table.

"Oo-wup-uh! Ah simply cain't get mah guls to eat hahty!" Mrs. Nettleton would say, beaming on Agnes and Irene and then toward her guests assembled. "Sometimes Ah think they'll just swivel up and blow away, not eatin' any mo' than they do. Ah always like to see a puhson eat hahty, but mah guls nevah did. Ah guess Ah haven't got much right to complain mah ownse'f, though!"

Then the paying guests would all exchange secret, meaningful glances. Mrs. Nettleton wasn't fooling them at all. They knew that she and her daughters filled up in the kitchen before the waitress sounded the chimes to call them in

(Continued on Page 60)



"But you said you wanted to show me the national pastime, I thought you meant baseball!"

from the broad piazza. Filled up on the choicest white meat, too. So when the fried chicken, crisp tawny, cut up and cooked Southern style under Mrs. Nettleton's supervision, was passed around there were never more than three or four teasing pieces of white meat on the platter. There were drumsticks and necks and backs and even thighs aplenty, but the breasts were missing,—devoured, the boarders were convinced, by Mrs. Nettleton and her two daughters before the meal.

"Oo-wup-uh!" Mrs. Nettleton would say. "It seems lak mah daughtahs don't eat enough to keep a buhd alive!" And Mrs. Nettleton's two pretty daughters, one on her right hand and one on her left hand, stuffed with white meat before the paying guests ever had a chance at it, would flutter their long, dark eyelashes and dabble languidly at the food on their plates.

That was what disturbed the boarders so much. They felt that Mrs. Nettleton wasn't doing right, having deprived them of the white meat, to remind them of their deprivation. But Agnes and Irene, so placid and beautiful, and with their patrician aloofness, seemed beyond reproach and the boarders found it difficult to imagine them in the kitchen gobbling up the white meat. And yet they knew it must be so.

Then one night at dinner Agnes, the youngest and prettiest daughter, astounded them all, her mother included. Mrs. Nettleton had been describing a particularly luscious lynching that she said she had once had the pleasure of attending in Georgia. She was a madcap young girl at the time. A most irregular thing for a Southern girl to do, but just for the lark, they understood. Youth, just youth! It was one of Mrs. Nettleton's favorite anecdotes and it was too familiar to everyone there to be harrowing to anyone. She had scarcely got going good on the details of the torture when Agnes looked up and interrupted sharply. "Mother," she said, "you ought to be ashamed, telling that disgraceful story at the table!"

Mrs. Nettleton rared back in her chair with an equine gesture and she gasped, "Ashamed? Ashamed! Well, Ah nevah!"

"Yes, ashamed!" said Agnes. "You don't seem to realize that a real lady would never gloat over such horrible things. The upper classes do not hate the Negro. It's only the whites who are in economic conflict with the Negro who—"

"Aggie! Hush yo' mouth! Stop talkin' to yo' mothah in that disrespectful man-nuh!" Mrs. Nettleton exclaimed harshly.

Agnes stared straight into her mother's eyes for a moment and her lips were pressed together in the same way that Mrs. Nettleton's were pressed and her chin was tilted at the same angle that Mrs. Nettleton's chins were tilted. At last she looked down at her plate again, but her hands were trembling so violently that her fork rattled against her

plate. Irene did not even glance up. The boarders sat in silence for a few minutes while Mrs. Nettleton glared at her youngest daughter, still as much in surprise as in anger. After a while Mrs. Nettleton changed her expression, simpered, and said with frigid sarcasm, "Ah reckon the next thing Ah know you'll up and tell folks that you'd just as leave marry a negrah!"

Agnes pushed back her chair suddenly and stood up. "If I loved him I certainly would," she said firmly. Then she tossed down her napkin and thudded flat-heeled out of the room.

The blood came back to Mrs. Nettleton's face darkly and bright sweat stippled her forehead and she strained to breathe. Old Judge Leftwich jumped up quickly and, wetting his napkin with drinking water, began to make passes at Mrs. Nettleton's face. But she waved him back haughtily and groaned that she would be all right. She sat with one hand pressed against her bosom, drawing deep breaths for several minutes and then she looked toward her electrified guests.

"Some fool college professuh has put that notion into that child's head," Mrs. Nettleton panted apologetically. "Ah swan, it's just a question whethuh a body is doing right these days to try and give they childun a college education. So many infidels and bolsheviks and negrah-lovuhs and I don' know what all teaching in the colleges now'days. That's the kind of stuff childun gets in college now'days. That's whuh Aggie got that notion. Aggie nevah got no notion lak that at home!"

After dinner the boarders all filed out on the broad piazza, leaving Mrs. Nettleton alone in the dining room. They hadn't quite got their bearings yet. They were puzzled and distressed. It was all so extremely unusual. As they rocked they could hear murmurs of a protracted battle filtering through the walls of the Nettleton suite overhead.

Presently old Judge Leftwich clicked his false teeth and chuckled low. He said, back of his hand, "That kid's a chip off of the old block, all right. The old lady's going to have a hard time quelling that kid, let me tell you."

"It's all so very unusual," breathed Miss Ernestine Watts, the school-teacher from Brooklyn.

"I feel so sorry for Mrs. Nettleton," Mrs. Traylor whispered. "I always say a person slaves and cares for a child, bringing them up, and then what thanks does a person get? I know what it is to suffer from a child's ingratitude myself."

The following day there was a persistent coolness between Mrs. Nettleton and Agnes. Irene seemed not to be taking sides, one way or the other. Agnes sat gazing sullenly down at her plate without even picking up her fork. Mrs. Nettleton avoided the controversial subject at meals, but she redoubled her laudatory comments on Irene and she did not mention Agnes at all.

This went on for a week. The boarders carefully pretended not to notice

that anything had gone wrong. They kept up this pretense before Mrs. Nettleton and her two daughters. But as soon as they were alone together on the broad piazza they resumed their murmured discussion of the family rift. The tension was growing unbearable to them. Their excitement would take their minds off the indignity of the white meat for hours at a time.

One noon they came in to lunch and found that both of Mrs. Nettleton's daughters were absent from the table. Agnes and Irene had never come down for breakfast, so they had not been missed earlier in the day. Mrs. Nettleton's face was fixed in a grim smile and she explained nervously that the girls had gone away the night before for a short visit to their cousins in Syracuse.

It was obvious to the boarders that she was telling a falsehood.

Day by day they saw Mrs. Nettleton's fleshy, complacent face go haggard with the little gullies of care and fear. She kept her face set in a languishing smile, but she fell into strange silences and whole meals would pass without her having uttered more than a dozen words. She no longer appeared at tea time.

One afternoon, not long after the mail had come up, the time of the siesta, Mrs. Nettleton came plunging forth on to the broad piazza, her yellowish-white hair disheveled, her eyes blurred red, hysterical sobs billowing her bosom. She bore a crumpled, tear-splotted letter, and she wailed out a report of its contents. It was from Agnes and Irene. The postmark showed that they were in East Orange, N. J. They weren't ever going to live with their mother again. They were sick and tired of Summer boarders, fried chicken and Negro baiting. They were both of age and they were going to be their own bosses from now on.

Mrs. Nettleton's paying guests, clucking and murmuring, rallied with their sympathy. Mrs. Chambers chattered endlessly about how her niece, Helen, her sister Ella's child, had done the very same thing. Ran off with a vaudeville team and then wrote exactly the same sort of letter home to her mother. And Mrs. Traylor kept asking everyone whether her son, Clarence, had not been just as heartless, marrying a young snip and sending his mother off to spend the Summer alone, the first time they had been separated in thirty-five years.

Meanwhile Mrs. Nettleton's hysteria had risen to a point terrifying to behold. The others stood around, aimlessly trying to comfort her. But every time one of them would lay hands on her, her sobs would become shrieks and she would fling herself about the porch like a mad woman.

"God knows Ah did evuhthing Ah could foh mah guls! God knows Ah tried to give mah guls evuh advantage! God knows Ah did!" And her insane cries echoed against the mountain and came trailing back across the lake. All of a sudden she yelled, "It's the low-down Nettleton in them. None of mah folks would evuh have done a trashy thing

lak this! That low-down Nettleton tribe was *paht niggah!* Evahbody knowed that was why he left the place he was from. But Ah nevah knowed it! Ah nevah knowed it till Ah'd had two babies by they daddy. Befo' God, Ah left him the day Ah found it out. As God is mah witness Ah left they daddy when Ah found out what he was!"

Her gaping guests no longer tried to subdue her. They stood back as frightened and embarrassed by her revelation as they would have been if she had stripped off her clothing. They stood helpless while her hysteria ran its course. She began wailing again, "Ah tried to do foh mah guls! God knows Ah tried!" Soon she collapsed on a porch swing, moaning in sing-song, "Mah guls! Mah po li'l guls!"

It was a touching thing to see a woman once so proud now so humble. The boarders finally got her off to her chamber upstairs and they deposited her on her bed, a sodden, miserable old woman.

That evening at dinner there was fried chicken again, the first that had been served since Agnes and Irene ran

away. There was plenty of white meat for everyone. They ate their fill.

Somewhat sluggish from overeating, they moved back out onto the broad piazza. They sat rocking and they were silent for a while. A butter-colored moon bobbed against the pine crest across the lake. Someone belched softly in the dark.

Once or twice they made uneasy attempts to start a conversation. Mrs. Traylor stopped rocking for a moment and leaned over an arm of her chair and said, "Well, I always say you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!" But no one had any interest in recalling the frightful things that had happened that afternoon.

The hovering, vague discontent gradually settled over them. None of them knew the reason for their discontent. They had the white meat now. But there was something lacking. Something that they had had before was gone. One by one the rocking-chairs went quiet. One by one the boarders stood up, mumbled, and went off to bed. There was really nothing left to talk about. ✓

LAVINIA

(Continued from Page 44)

and nights to hear him say it, and at last she could relax with the relief he had given her.

"I got married for a pretty good reason," he told her, "but I'm not going to let it ruin everything. I thought you understood all about it before it happened. You even told me to go ahead and marry her, so it would put a stop to all the talk about you living here as my housekeeper, it was hurting business at the store. We had to do something like that. And now you say you are going to leave."

There was silence for a long time after he had finished. Only the drone of the electric fan could be heard, and that for the first time sounded subdued.

"I won't leave," Lavinia said slowly, her voice so low he had to lean closer to her in order to hear. "The only way to make me leave is to throw me out. And I'd come back even if you did that. I want to stay, Phil."

As she lay on her back, she felt herself dropping into unconsciousness. For a while she made no effort to keep herself awake. She lay with her eyes closed and a smile on her lips.

She knew nothing else until he got up from the side of the bed. She opened her eyes as wide as she could in order to see if he was still there.

"I've got to go now," he said.

She sat up, shaking her head from side to side in the breeze of the electric fan. The air that blew through her hair was warm and clinging, and it began making her drowsy once more.

"Phil," she asked, "will you tell me something before you go?"

"Sure," he said, laughing. "What?"

"Phil, did you have a good time on your honeymoon?"

He laughed at her for a moment. After he had stopped there was a pause, and he laughed again.

"I had a great time on the beach," he said hesitatingly.

She laughed at him then, with motions of her head, in her soft deep voice.

"And with that old-maid schoolteacher you married, too?" she said, her words trailing off into soft deep laughter that filled the room.

He did not answer her. He went to the door to open it, but for several moments he did not turn the knob. He turned back to look at her again, her laughter filling his ears.

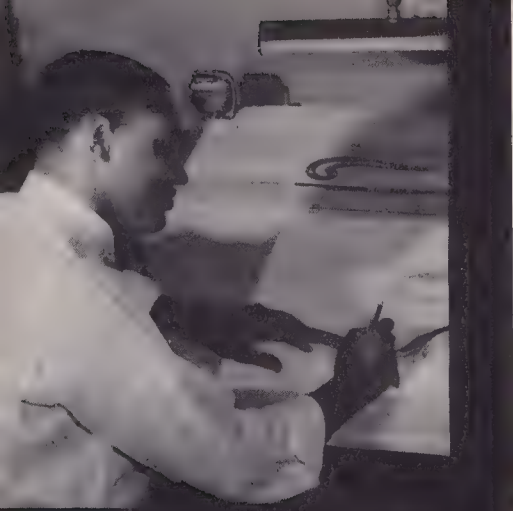
After a while he jerked open the door, stepped out on the porch, and closed the door as quickly as he could. He waited there for a moment to find out if Hannah had heard the laughter in Lavinia's room. When she did not come out into the hall after that length of time, he walked quickly down the porch to the hall door.

Lavinia's laughter swam through the hot night air, pouring into his ears until he could not hear even the sound of his own footsteps. The soft deep notes followed him like a familiar sound that was so close to him he could not find its source. ✓

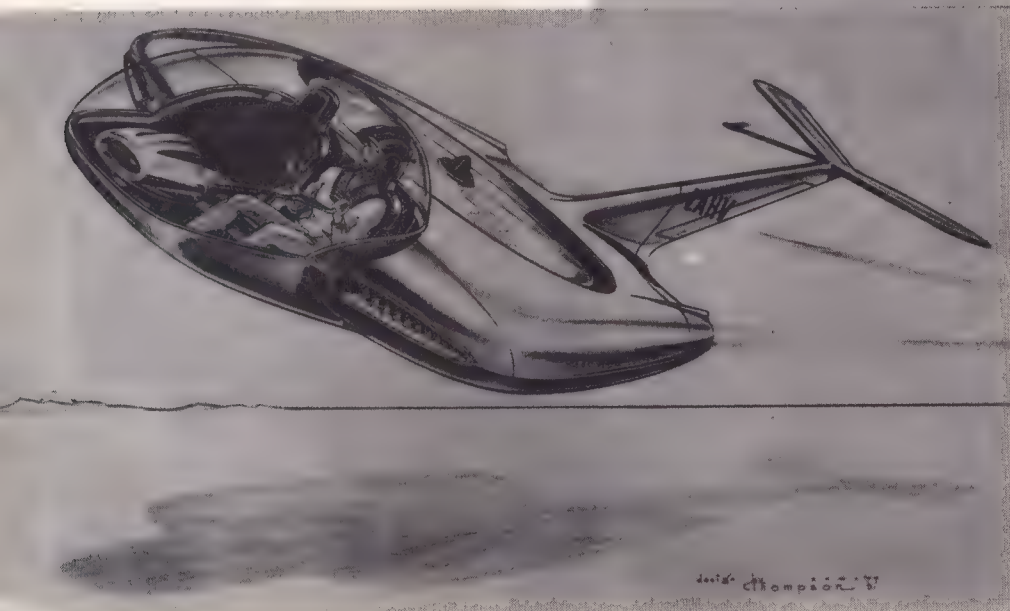
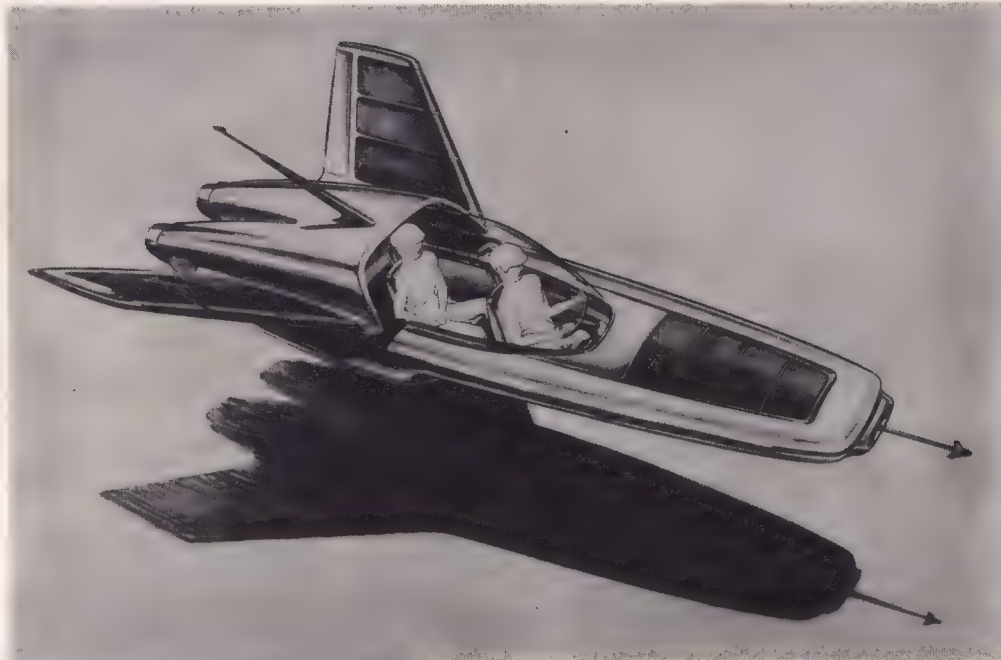


"You'll have to start at the bottom and work your way up . . . meaning the business, of course!"

LET'S LOOK AT CARS IN THE YEAR 2000



McKinley Thompson is the first and only Negro designer in the automotive field. He is a staff member of the Ford Motor Company's Styling Center. In this article he looks into the future and predicts the shape of cars to come in the year of 2,000. Here, Thompson is off duty and his predictions of things to come are his own and do not reflect the thinking of his employer. All the illustrations are the work of Thompson.



Solarplane (above) will be commuter's special in year 2,000 with patches on nose and foils storing sun's energy and converting it to power. Ducted fan (left) will be in common use, able to hover or rise vertically with blades in saucer-like fuselage.

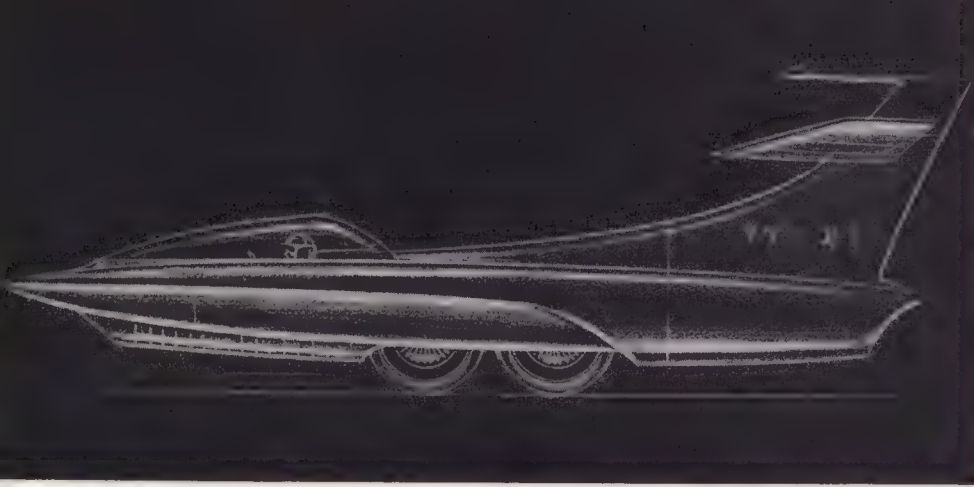
Only Negro stylist in auto industry predicts shape of cars to come

by MCKINLEY THOMPSON

THE YEAR 2000 is closer than you think—especially in autos.

Already some of the things imagined in science fiction are a reality today, but many more are going to come true before the turn of this century. And from all signs the days of man's most useful tool, the wheel, are numbered.

Looking ahead to 50 years from now when the 21st Century turns up on the calendar, the sky no doubt will be the highroad and there will be three cars in every garage. If the evolution of transit keeps pace with the last half century,



Police car of year 2,000 (left) will do up to 300 miles per hour chasing family sedan (below) which will travel at high speeds using earth's lines of magnetic force. Bubble top will permit clear vision for everyone on trips from coast to coast.



only one of these cars will be wheeled and none will have an internal combustion engine as we know it today.

The trends of today, carried to their inevitable ultimate tomorrow, will group factories and offices hundreds of miles from suburbia and make it necessary to telescope the distance between the picture window and the work-a-day world into minutes. The workhorse of that Buck Rogers' era will be the "levitator" that rises vertically by repelling gravity and is driven either by solar power, turbo jets, atomic energy or by harnessing the lines of magnetic force.

Obviously an all-purpose levitator would be impossible in such an age of specialization and Mr. Average Motorist will find three vehicles better suited to his needs. These will include a high-speed cruiser for long trips, a "commuter," and a land-bound flivver—the latter for the usual pattering around the suburbs.

Already the first "levitator" is a reality. A year ago the Army unveiled its weird "flying manhole cover," a device that enables a man to rise vertically and fly in a standing position on a pogo stick platform.



The one-wheeled car in the garage will be a glorified four-passenger motor scooter with lightweight fiberglass or plastic body. Very possibly a three-wheeled rig, its rear-mounted turbine will be compact, economical and made of inexpensive and highly heat-resistant alloys as yet undiscovered. In addition to being milady's pleasure wagon and father's putt-putt, various models of this basic substitute for walking will be used by mailmen, deliverymen and others who require neighborhood mobility.

When he leaves the country club set, the man of tomorrow will be whisked to his office in one of several fantastic machines. One will resemble a ducted fan, with a takeoff on the helicopter and with contra-rotating blades shrouded by a saucer-like fuselage. Twin turbo-jets will provide the thrust and 300 mph speeds. Like the putt-putt, it will burn low-grade kerosene.

Another popular vehicle will be the commuter's "solar-plane" that converts the sun's power through a system of foils into lift and forward motion. Geared at about 150 mph, its use will be confined to short hauls and its foils will store enough solar energy to assure nighttime operation.

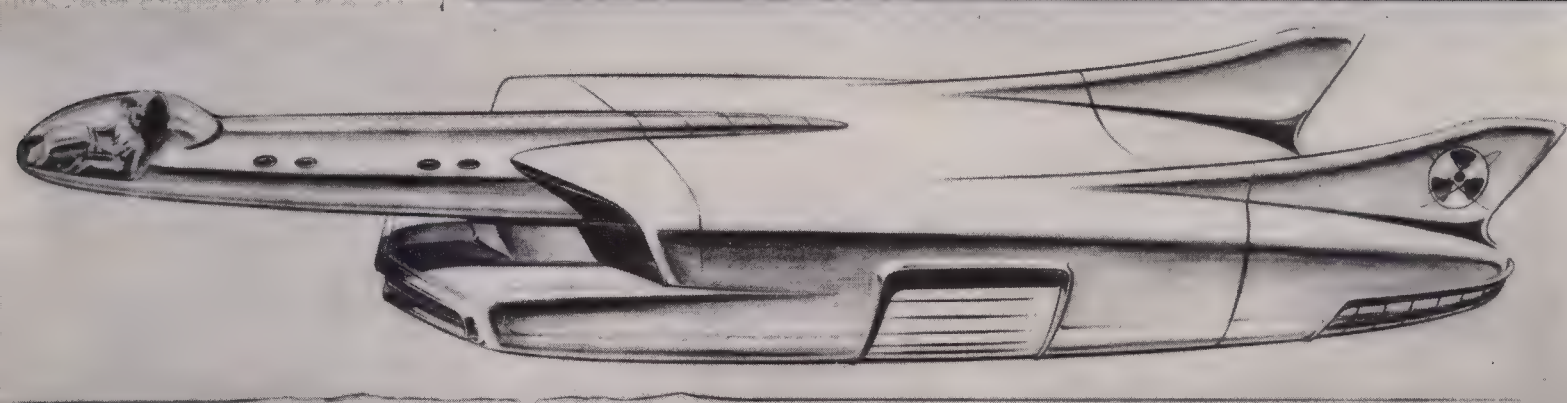
The family "sedan" will be a luxurious multi-passenger "levitator" which will harness the earth's lines of magnetic force through a magnetic traction device. Much faster than the ducted fan, these space palaces will be able to span the continent non-stop while their occupants sleep, enjoy TV or the 21st Century's version of Scrabble.

The skin of all these space "cars" will be of magnesium or some new, lighter and stronger alloy. Super-streamlined, their overall length will compare favorably with today's road jobs.

Interiors will be of synthetics and safety engineered to follow aircraft styling with built-in headrests, shoulder belts and pedestal instrument panels. Radiant heating, air conditioning and a sensory switch to keep the temperature and humidity at a constant level regardless of the weather out-

(Continued on Page 67)

Atomic racing car (above)
of future will be
levitor with lift
generated
by airfoil hull.
Trucks will include
Terramotive (right) driven
by nuclear energy
between cities and
hauling ten trailers.
Cargo-carrying sky
freighter (below)
will carry loads
of 25 tons and tow any
number of
airborne freighters.



THE FRAULEIN AND PRIVATE

(Continued from Page 11)

I held the slippers. The fur was on the outside and inside and was very thick. I slipped my fingers through the fur. Ilse stood smiling down at me. I looked at her.

"You're wonderful, Ilse."

"I made them. *Tante* Lene helped me. We were making them for a long time."

"Thank you, sweetheart," I said softly.

She looked startled. "Oh, you must not thank me. You should not do that. Never should you thank me. You may thank a friend or a sister, but never me. Never must you thank a wife."

She bent down and put her arms around my neck. She sat on the bed and looked at me earnestly. She kissed me, then looked at me again. Everything inside of her seemed to come out through her eyes.

"Oh, Hayes, I want to do so many things for you. So many. But I cannot, because I have nothing to give you, nothing to show you. Only I can love you. And I *do* love you . . . so much! I want to prove that I love you. I want to prove it and you know it . . . know it *sure*. But I can do so little, and that makes me so sad."

I put my arm around her waist and she clung to me, holding me tight. Then she straightened up and smiled again.

"I will fix your bath," she said.

She took the dishes into the kitchen. I placed the pillows flat on the bed again and lay down, pulling the sheet up to my neck. I turned on my side. From the bathroom, I could hear the water running in the bathtub. Ilse came into the room again.

"Ohhhh, no! You do not get comfortable again. Get up. Come. The bath is ready."

I got up, took off everything and wrapped a towel around my waist. I ran past the kitchen where the aunt was preparing dinner. Ilse laughed because I ran. "The aunt has seen men with no clothes on before," she said. Ilse got my washcloths and towel out of the cabinet. I put my hand in the water and pulled it quickly out again.

"It's too hot."

"Ach. It is not hot." She put her hand in the tub. "It is not hot. Do not be a woman."

I swung over the tub with my hands on the sides, balanced myself over the water, then slowly lowered my feet. It *was* hot. I sat down slowly in the tub.

"You know what?" Ilse exclaimed brightly. "Today I think I take a bath with you."

"In the tub with me?"

"Yes."

I frowned.

"Ach," Ilse said, noticing the frown, "sometimes you know I think perhaps the men in America must be a little funny. You know what I mean."

"Get in," I said.

She laughed and took her clothes off. She sat at the other end of the tub and I ran my finger across the bottom of her

foot. I rubbed some soap on the padded washcloth that was for my face. Ilse leaned forward and took the cloth from my hand.

"I will wash you today," she said.

I lay back and enjoyed the feel of warm water against my body as the woman rubbed my face briskly with the soaped cloth and then rinsed it with the warm water. She rinsed out the cloth, picked up another and began washing my body. She washed thoroughly, using much soap and rubbing very hard. When she had washed me she washed herself, then ran the water out of the tub and filled it again. She rinsed the new water over both our bodies, then washed my hair. We got out of the tub, dried ourselves with the towels, and went back to the room with the towels wrapped around our waists. This time I did not run past the kitchen and I saw the aunt look at me and smile as we passed the door. I waved to her. In the room, I got back in bed with nothing on as Ilse began to dress.

"*Mensch*, you are lazy!" Ilse said.

Dressed, she sat on the edge of the bed. She wore a black dress with a turtle neck and her hair was in a pompadour on top of her head. Her lips looked very soft.

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"Again? Yes."

"How much?"

"Too much to say."

"What a lover. You must tell me beautiful things, that you love me until you die, that you love me more than your life, that you love me for all time. You must go to France. Then you learn what to say."

"I love you in bed," I said.

"Yes. I love you there, too. Very much. But you love me no other time?"

"A little. But mostly in bed."

"All right. Then I do not go to bed with you any more. Then I see if you still love me."

"You could not stand that."

"Ha. But you are right. I am a woman and you are a man. Tell me, is the girl at home better in bed than me?"

"No. You are much better."

"You can say anything to me. But it is good to hear. Can she kiss better than me?"

"No, you are much better."

"Can she sew or cook or do anything better than me?"

"Nothing. She can do nothing better than you."

"Does she love you more than me?"

"Nuts," I said. I sat on the edge of the bed and began dressing. "Where do we go?"

She looked at me sternly. Then she said, "I will show you."

We waved to Ilse's aunt and went downstairs and around the corner to the *Haltestelle*. We boarded the *Strassenbahn* and sat opposite an old German woman who glared at Ilse and then at me. The woman does not approve of soldiers, I noted. We rode to the *Templehof* section, walked about two blocks

and Ilse rang the bell of a pleasant house. A woman of middle age with her hair tied in a knot behind her head opened the door and smiled when she saw Ilse.

"*Ilse. Komm herein*," she shouted.

She looked at me, smiled and nodded. I nodded and said, "*Guten Tag*."

"I told you I would bring him," Ilse said in German as we walked through the hall. We entered the neat dining room where a man sat at a table which was set as though for a party with a big cake in the center and six plates. A man sat beside the table reading a newspaper. He looked up, then rose when we entered the room. He smiled.

"This is *Frau Hoffman*," Ilse said, "and this is *Herr Hoffman*. This is *Herr Dawkins*."

I shook hands with the woman and the man. "Dawkins," I said to the man. "Hoffman," he said to me.

"*Bitte, setzen Sie sich*," the woman said, indicating a seat. I sat down in a comfortable armchair near the table.

"This is my sweet," Ilse told the woman. *Frau Hoffman* looked at me and smiled.

"I told them I would bring you here today," Ilse said to me.

"Yes? But who is the party for?"

Ilse smiled and winked. She said nothing more.

A voice came from the other room: "*Mutti, wer ist da?*"

I looked at Ilse. "The surprise," she said.

"Come here, Sonny," *Frau Hoffman* called.

I looked toward the door. A small Negro boy about three years old walked into the room. He stood for a moment in the doorway and his eyes centered immediately—and somewhat wonderingly—upon me. He was an extremely handsome boy, with thick black curls uncombed upon his head. I was startled when the boy appeared. I felt Ilse look at me and smile. I stared at the boy.

"Come over here and talk to Uncle Hayes," *Frau Hoffman* said.

The boy walked slowly toward me, looking at me curiously. He stood close to me. His skin was the most beautiful I had ever seen, like cocoa with a lot of cream in it.

"*Wie geht's*," I said softly.

"*Danke, sehr gut*," he replied. He looked at me shyly and then at *Frau Hoffman*. His look asked questions.

"What a beautiful boy," I said. I looked at him and felt warm inside. "Whose boy is this?" I asked Ilse.

"He is the son from an American soldier and a German girl," Ilse said. "He was a colored soldier and now he is home and the girl had no money to take care of him. So *Frau Hoffman* took the baby. He is very sweet."

I continued to look at the boy. "He lives here?"

"Yes. He thinks *Frau Hoffman* is his mother."

I looked at the boy and wondered how many more like him were in Germany. He was sturdy, I could see, despite insufficient food. I heard a sound and looked up at the door. A small

white German boy, about the same age as Sonny, came to the door and said, "Come on, Sonny."

The brown-skinned boy started to go, but *Frau Hoffman* said, "*Nein*. Now we must have the party. Come, sit down." She placed the boy on a chair at the table and then called the other one over to sit down also. They sat next to each other. "They are best friends," the woman said to me. She indicated a seat for Ilse, and then one for me.

"How old is the boy?" I asked *Frau Hoffman*. I spoke the German slowly and carefully.

"Four," she said. "Four today. Is he not sweet?"

"Very," I said. "How do you feed him?"

"Ach, with the ration card, of course."

"Perhaps I could take him to the camp sometime. If you could let me, sometimes I would take him in the camp to eat with me."

"That would be wonderful," she said. She looked at her husband with bright eyes and the man smiled and looked at me. He nodded.

The cake was good. I washed it down with black coffee. I looked at the small, brown-haired German boy who sat next to Sonny.

"Has Sonny many friends here?"

"Yes. Many. He is liked by all of the little boys, and the girls think he is wonderful, even at so young an age." She smiled. "Everyone near this house know him, you know, and always they want him to come to their houses. He is not small, you see. He has enough meat on the bones. It is because he goes to everyone's house and they give him to eat. It is not the right kind of food for a little boy, perhaps, but it is food. Always he is to someone's house. Always. When I want him I have to look very much for him."

I watched him eat. He paid no heed to the conversation, concentrating upon the task at hand, the consumption of the cake before him.

"You know who he looks like?" *Frau Hoffman* asked. "He looks like Lela."

"Lela?"

"Yes." She saw the puzzlement on my face. "You do not know Lela?"

"I do not think so. Who is she?"

"Oh, she is as you, with the brown skin. Before, she was the girl friend of a soldier from the camp. You do not know her?"

Negroes? Here in Germany? "No," I said. "I do not know her."

I looked at Ilse. "Do you know her?"

"Yes. When she was the friend of a soldier from the camp we were together very much."

"You didn't tell me that."

"Darling I did not know you would want to know."

I asked, "Are there many Negroes here?"

"Not many in Berlin. Maybe two hundred."

Frau Hoffman said, "I thought you knew her. I thought all the soldiers knew Lela. Sonny looks like her."

"I wonder why I have not seen her," I said in English.

"Since her soldier has gone home, she does not go out any more," Ilse said. "She is very nice. I did not know you did want to know about her. She lives in Charlottenburg and had a big, beautiful home before the war. Now the home was bombed and she lives in an apartment. Still, it is very beautiful. More beautiful than mine. She has much money."

"Is she married?"

"No. Many German men did ask her to marry them, but she loves only her soldier. The soldier said he would send for her to come to America. So she waits."

"Then where did she get the money?"

"She is a dancer, darling. She did get much money from dancing in the clubs and in the theater before the war and during the war."

I was amazed. "Have these people, the Negroes, lived here all their lives?"

"Some," Ilse said. "Not Lela. She was born in Berlin and then went to many countries in Europe to dance. She speaks so many languages, darling. You should hear her. She came back to Berlin maybe one year before the war."

"Negroes!" I reflected out loud. "I did not know they were here."

"Ach yes, darling."

"But where do they come from?"

"Most from French Africans who come here from France and marry German women. Then the children are German and stay here. When I was young I often saw a Negro man who was married to a German woman and lived not far from me. The man was French African."

Frau Hoffman had been talking to her husband. Now she turned from him and looked at Ilse and me again. "I thought you knew Lela," she said now again, still looking surprised.

"No," I said. "I do not know Lela." I looked at the boy again. He had finished eating and was waiting patiently in his seat until everyone else was finished.

"May I take him for a ride on the *Strassenbahn*?" I asked *Frau Hoffman*.

She looked at Sonny. "Would you like

to go for a ride on the *Strassenbahn* with Uncle Hayes and Aunt Ilse?" He nodded. She turned to me. "Good."

"And the other boy?"

"He can wait here for Sonny. Will you be gone long?"

"No. Not long."

We rose and the three of us left *Frau Hoffman* and *Herr Hoffman* in the door and walked along the street toward the *Strassenbahn Haltestelle*. I felt good walking with the boy between Ilse and me. He held both our hands. We stood at the *Haltestelle* and the people looked at the boy and smiled. When we boarded the *Strassenbahn* I picked Sonny up and walked into the car while Ilse paid the fares. Everyone on the *Strassenbahn* looked. I heard comments in German: "Is he not sweet!"

We got off at the camp. Ilse stood outside while I went in through the hole. I introduced Sonny to all of the soldiers I could find. One soldier sprinkled water on Sonny's hair and then combed it. Sonny liked that, and smiled up at me during the operation.

"He's gonna be a lady killer when he grows up," the soldier said with an admiring shake of the head.

"Like a true boot," another soldier said.

We walked outside again and through the yard to the hole. Ilse and I walked Sonny around the camp. We walked slowly in the sunlight, Ilse looking pretty in the black, high-necked dress. She looked at me frequently, smiling across Sonny. I felt very good.

We rode back on the *Strassenbahn* and again the people stared and made exclamations. All seats in the car were taken so Ilse stood beside me. Sonny, too, stood up this time, holding my hand.

Ilse's eyes were soft when they met mine. "You know what? They think he is our son," she said.

"I know," I said.

"I would like that so much," she said softly. "I would like to have a baby from you."

"Even if I must leave and go ome?"

"Then, even more. Then I would always have a part of you." ✓

MYTH OF VIRILITY (Continued from Page 26)

Asiatic. There is no more pathetic figure than the African chief with a harem full of unsatisfied spouses begging the witch for a magic potion to "make me a boy again just for tonight."

Were there validity to this vanishing fiction, you would expect to see a stampede of white women toward "superior" black males in multi-racial countries like Cuba, Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador where no Jim Crow laws exist. Just the opposite is true. Certainly there has been no surge of white females to our numerous Harlems across the land in search of black lovers. Maybe they think the game is not worth the candle!

Because of this fiction of the virile black buck, sex has been raised to an unwarrantedly prominent position in

American life, attaining a value it does not deserve. To be sure it is here to stay, but it is not as important as Americans have made it with their exaggerated folklore and the hundreds of laws passed to support it.

In advising an inquiring young man about marriage, Benjamin Franklin said, "Don't marry. But if you must marry, select an old woman, because you can put a basket over her head and you won't know the difference. Besides, they're so grateful!"

As America drops its sexual fictions and comes of age, more people will learn the wisdom of what an ugly, horse-faced woman wrote to Casanova after she had tricked him into spending the night with her thinking she was his date: "Remember, in the dark all cats are gray!" ✓

CARS IN YEAR 2000

(Continued from Page 64)

side will be standard equipment.

Although the sky literally will be the limit for travel, filling the garage with these "automobiles" shouldn't hit the pocketbook any more of a wallop than would buying two of their present-day counterparts. This will be due to manufacturing processes that use printed circuits, transistor tubes, molding instead of casting, welding and riveting and nearly 100 per cent automation in fabrication of parts and final assembly.

As a rough estimate, \$6,500 should provide all that a well-transported man will need. The "solarplane" or ducted fan would account for perhaps \$1,500 of the tab with the luxury job being the big item at around \$4,500. That strictly utilitarian, slow-motion putt-putt would deliver for about \$500.

None of this is to suggest that the competitive system of manufacture or dealerships will change, nor that the yearly models will become passé. The parking problem will have an automatic solution with rooftops being utilized since the vehicles' ability to hover or ascend and descend vertically will enable the owner to leave his "car" anywhere it will fit.

Strict manufacturing quality control, probably by TV monitoring, and more complicated mechanisms will call for a readjustment in servicing departments. Repairs will be pretty much confined to the much more economical replacement of sub-assemblies rather than individual parts.

Here, again, owner thinking will be revised to consider time rather than miles. The useful life of the moving mechanism of the ducted fan, for instance, will be about 1,500 hours of top speed operation and the "solarplane's" sun-catching patches, 4,500. Considering the speeds of these vehicles, the total mileage traveled before the power units must be replaced will double or treble that considered sufficient to tire today's automobile.

Today's traffic engineers have king-sized headaches. Tomorrow's speeds will pose problems few humans can successfully handle but electronic brains will channel a skyful of "cars" with nary a hangover. Radio frequency grids in a gigantic elaboration of current aircraft ranges will lace the skyways and once the "driver" has pre-set his controls, the automobile will "home" on a beacon with unerring accuracy.

Traffic bands will be spaced at 100-foot intervals up to, perhaps, 3,000 feet with TV policing it all and automatically exercising control to prevent sky jams. Automatic radar sensors in conjunction with retarders will prevent collisions and infra-red "eyes" will give operators the same vision in darkness as in daylight.

High above the average traveler, supersonic cargo trains—the only "levitators" driven by atomic energy—will zoom along at 1,500 mph. These monsters will have a payload capacity of at least 25 tons, stand as high as a house, be twice as long and cost \$600,000.



"Miss Jones is out, but if you come in, I think I know what to do."

Globespanners for freight and passengers, they will be uneconomical to operate except over very great distances.

Shorter hauls will be the province of the 150 mph Terramotives, multi-wheeled prime movers with nuclear boilers and electric drive. Weighing as much as today's locomotives, these behemoths will cruise on ultra-heavyduty highways linking the industrial complexes and reserved for their use alone. Representing an investment of about \$50,000, one prime mover will haul at least ten trailers effortlessly in train fashion and won't require fueling for a year at a time.

The only other vehicles on these super-express turnpikes will be the ubiquitous patrolmen on two-wheeled, turbine-driven and gyro-stabilized projectiles capable of 250-300 mph—and that's not so fantastic considering that some specially constructed cycles today have been clocked at better than 200 mph on record runs.

This, then, may very well be the brave new world of transportation. Nor is it the science fiction tale it first appears to be, especially in view of man's progress since J. Frank Duryea built America's first horseless carriage in 1893.

The mystery of the atom was solved only a few years ago but already that mighty source of power has been shackled to submarines; the solar battery exists and undoubtedly its present miniscule output will be multiplied; electric power has been "broadcast" without wires in sufficient strength to light a bulb 15 miles distant, opening up a new territory that could include vehicles made mobile by being tuned in on power stations. At Los Angeles, helicopters already have proven successful on a commuter route between the suburbs and the terribly congested downtown areas.

So believe it or not, the year 2000 is closer than you think.

Model Tina Marshall demonstrates
strategy and tactics of 'making a pass'

the art of 'getting comfortable'



PHOTOS BY DOUGLAS GRUNDY



IN THE ART of good living, nothing counts as much as a suave approach to *affaires d'amour*. A cogent part of any gentleman's rating as such is his command of the language of love, not so much in serious escapades but rather in fleeting moments gazing at etchings with a lady for an evening. Likewise with a worldly woman, who knows just how to say: "Give me a moment to get into something comfortable." It can be a drag, that sends a would-be suitor on his way or it can have the subtlety of a simple yet forthright invitation. And once past that barrier, the business of getting into something comfortable is somewhat of an art, too. Somewhat of a master at the craft is New York model Tina Marshall, who demonstrates various strategies on these pages and gives an insight into feminine tactics of what has come to be commonly called "making a pass."

Sometimes known as "the moment of truth" or more simply as "a come-on," the occasion every wolf waits for is demonstrated by Tina Marshall dressed in an old feminine stand-by: the negligee



EVOLUTION OF THE CONK *(Continued from Page 54)*

with faint sounds of his landlady's radio coming over his transom, a man spent long and tedious hours, greasing his head with various concoctions purchased at the corner drugstore.

During the transformation, the room gives off all kinds of hair aromas. Some smell like rose blossoms. Others have the odious odor of scorched flesh. Still others smell like freshly-rendered bacon fat mixed with lye.

For lye, once the common denominator of the family soap used to scrub floors, is the X factor in hair preparations. The first heads of glossy straightened hair combed back in the old pompadour styling, were the result of the other ingredients to render the hair limp. Then the strands were "fried" into place by the straightener.

Early jazz band leaders, pimps, "loungue lizards," "jazz hounds," and prizefighters were the first to get their hair "straightened" by the old process. It was extremely messy and consumed more than an hour of the barber's time. Some nationally known celebrities still have their hair done in this manner in spite of the new methods introduced over the last five years.

It was in the late 1940s that band-leader Duke Ellington visited his favorite barber in the Bronx for a head job. The Puerto Rican hair expert applied the larded lye mixture to the Duke's head as he had done before to the errant locks to the Duke's well-gassed hair.

In this procedure it is highly necessary to work as swiftly and surely as a surgeon does in a major operation. One can stand the straightener concoction on his head but a few scant seconds before the sizzling begins and the scalp begins to fry. At this juncture, the barber turned to the face basin to turn on the water when he made the disconcerting discovery that the water had been turned off! The janitor, for some reason or other, had chosen this exact time to turn off all the water in the building.

The Duke began pawing impatiently at his head. "Hurry up, my man," he intoned mildly.

When the barber dallied, Duke's insistence became more bellicose. "Hey, man, my head's burning up," he shouted. "Wash this stuff out of my hair." The frantic barber, however, had left the shop and was shopping next door for water. But there was an empty store next door with a "for rent" sign in the window.

The young porter, who had also joined in the search for water, rushed to a candy store across the street. Unable to tarry until the proprietor could go into the rear and get some water, the porter grabbed a bottle of Coca-Cola, the story goes, with which he sprinted back to the barber-shop. "Here" he hollered and the amber fluid was poured over the Duke's aching scalp. Later, water was found and the Duke's head saved.

Rose Morgan insists she has found a final solution in the long and often

disheartening struggle of Negro men to acquire that "long and wavy" hair of white folks. Her innovation is called the "Rose Morgan Velvet Smooth Hair Straightener" and it is "guaranteed not to burn or irritate the scalp." If she can accomplish only that, experts say she'll be "in." For there are still far too many raw heads for the money being poured into the coffers of those who anoint the head.

The fact is, hair straightening is always hazardous. There is always present the danger of burning the scalp or rendering the hair an undesirable red through acid transformation. Such treatments can result in dermatitis—a disease of the scalp.

After Negro chemists began manufacturing numerous new pomades for the hair to take the place of the dangerous straightening process, one barber hit on the idea of waving freshly straightened hair. It caught on widely and was promptly called the conk.

"Conking," says popular comic Allen Drew, "was still the old deal of burning a hole in your head and you not

being allowed to retaliate with your pistol. Only thing that made the conk different from the straightener was that they started waving the hair when it was long enough to wave."

In the past five years, the new technique called the "Process," the invention of a Sugar Ray Robinson barber named Roger Simon, came into national popularity. The "Process" furthered the waving technique and includes a "complete gassing" of the hair with new chemicals.

With heads freshly "gassed" with chemicals, the old timers used to let their hair "set" under a tightly-tied stocking cap. Today the stocking cap is considered a "drag" among the modern set. "You've got to tie it up and cool it, man," they say, "with a babushka just like the women wear."

Stocking-capped heads are rarely seen today. Only "squares" persist in wearing their hats over stocking-capped heads. Some of the fancy lads wear the new babushkas out in the street. "But people just don't dig that right now," Allen Drew points out. "But please don't drag me talking about a stocking cap. They went out with Dixieland jazz!"

THOSE CRAZY CAPS *(Continued from Page 23)*

treated cap that keeps my head cool. It's the most. I couldn't stand to have that sun beaming down on my noggin anymore," Louis chuckles.

Ten years ago it was the bareheaded college boys, bad actors with the bills backward and gangster movies that murdered the cap. Production slipped to a mere 20 million caps, with only train engineers and the eccentric or very rich wearing them.

In England, however, no self-respecting lord would ever have considered being out in the noonday sun without his cap. The natty Duke of Windsor gave up his throne for the woman he loved but he never gave up the cap he loved.

Britain's persistent influence on the behavior and dress habits of collegians in the ivy-covered halls of New England schools is probably more responsible for the revival of the cap than any other factor. First, it was the English drape suit; then the shift from padded jacket shoulders to the formless and padless jacket now identified as Ivy League. And, actually, Ivy cut suits are more

English in their austere abandonment of fancy tailoring than they are a regression to the style of box back coats that Louis Jordan suggests they are.

"These car coats and Ivy caps remind me of the days when men used to wear them to drive those old open touring cars," Louis reminisces. "The Ivy suits and caps are heading us right back to the boxback coats and pointed-toed shoes my father used to wear."

Louis also says that perhaps the reason that England never abandoned the cap as America did is that Englishmen never knew or cared about the fact that the cap was virtually taken over by the Negro levee hand and field hand and became the identifying headgear of the Dixie hustler and crap shooter.

"But I can remember the time when a white man wouldn't be caught with a cap on for love nor money. And about the only place you could buy one was in the pawnshops in the Negro section of town," Louis says.

Yet, when the Negro's uninhibited contribution to the American way of life became so acceptable that jazz entered the concert halls and heatwaved the ultra-conservative air of Newport, Rhode Island, it was just a matter of time before a Harvard lad would discover that a Harlem hustler's cap was just as appropriate for hotrodding an MG as it was for a three-card monte man fleeing an Arkansas sheriff in a second hand souped-up V8.

So back comes the cap, more colorful and versatile than ever before. It now tops the heads of cool cats in checks, stripes, plain colors and plaids. It is corduroy, leather or chino. And who could give it more personality than Louis Jordan?



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